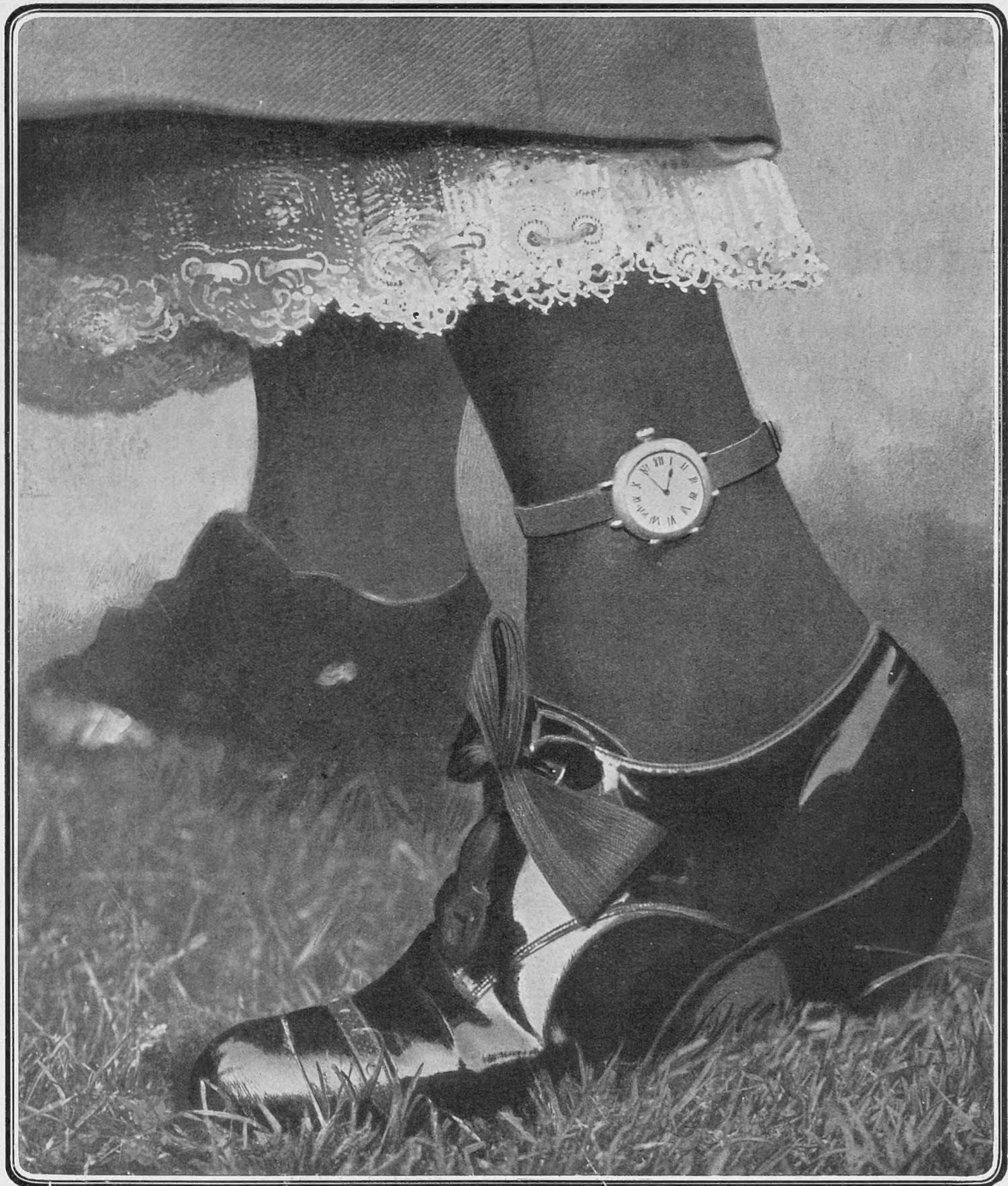


The Sketch

No. 909.—Vol. LXX.

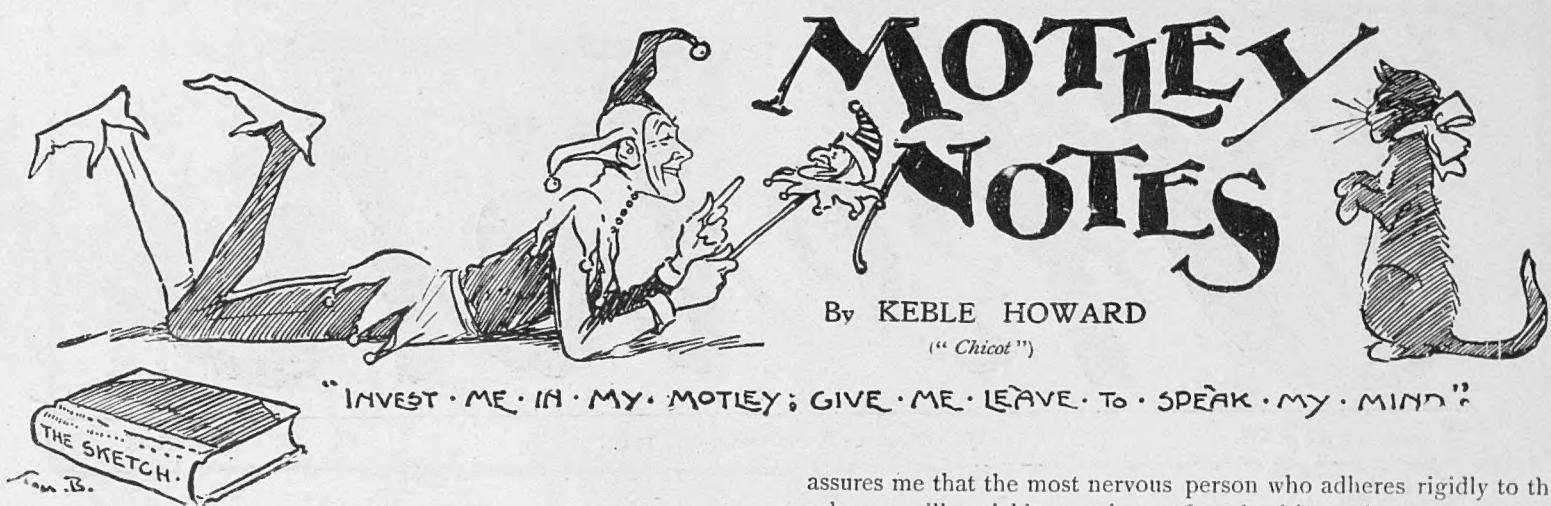
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



THE CLOCKED STOCKING PROPER: THE LATEST WAY OF CARRYING THE WATCH.

Exclusive to "The Sketch"; Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



Deals in the Main
with "Trilby."

A very serious blow has been aimed at the dignity of manhood by a lady who writes to one of my daily papers over the pseudonym of "Trilby." Her letter is headed, "The Follies of Fashion," without a query-mark, so that I am afraid the sub-editor is inclined to agree with "Trilby." To come swiftly to the point, "Trilby" is angry with men because they have abandoned the Panama hat. "Sir," she writes, "before men rail at women because of their hats they should consider their own case. About three years ago men wore Panama hats, which were a sensible, cool, and comfortable headgear. Now, solely at the dictates of fashion, the Panama has been almost entirely superseded by the hard, inflexible, and uncomfortable straw 'boater.'" I feel it my duty to reply to "Trilby." There are two kinds of Panama hats, my dear "Trilby"—the real and the fake. The real Panama is very expensive; the fake Panama is very cheap. Now there are few men who can look anything but ridiculous even in a real Panama. To wear one with the faintest hope of success, a man must be a gipsy born. Comparatively few Englishmen are gipsies born. Turning to the fake Panama, it is a beastly hat whoever wears it. The judicious were grieved, therefore, when the Panama was the fashion: to-day they are very, very happy.

Where Honour was
Due.

Before we go any further, friend the reader, I should like to offer my sincere congratulations to all the gentlemen who received honours during the past week. I have not time to write to them personally, my secretary being prostrate through severe shock. He was confidently expecting a baronetcy for himself, and the omission of his name from the list naturally rendered the poor fellow incapable of work for at least three weeks. I warned him, again and again, not to be over-sanguine, but he has the temperament. In the meantime, it has been suggested that the untitled should form themselves into a club. Personally, I shall not join it. I have no great liking for these very exclusive affairs. They are apt to savour of snobbery.

In the Ear of
Mr. Samuel.

I do not know Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-General, very well; indeed, I cannot remember that I ever saw him, as they say, in the flesh. I have drawn several cheques in his favour, however, for the use of his telephone service, and may therefore regard myself as a patron. Mr. Samuel has been telling the House of Commons something about the nerves of the rather sharp-voiced ladies who speak to one—as a rule—when one takes off the receiver. Mr. Samuel admits that a certain number of these ladies suffer from nerves. This is unfortunate for everybody concerned. It is unfortunate, in the first place, for the ladies themselves—I offer them my sincere sympathy. It is unfortunate for the subscribers. It is also unfortunate, although he may not believe it very readily, for Mr. Samuel. If he wants to make a financial success of the Post Office telephone, Mr. Samuel will at once take steps to cure his nervous operators. Many people, myself among the number, refrain from using the telephone for fear of grating on the nerves of the lady operator. When absolutely compelled to use it, they approach the instrument in a condition almost amounting to panic. I know one man who often talks to entire strangers about nothing whatever rather than suggest to the operator that she has put him on the wrong number. That man is myself.

The Anti-Nervous
Time-Table.

Anybody can grumble; what Mr. Samuel wants is a practical solution of the difficulty. At some pains to myself, then, I have prepared the following little time-table for telephone-operators. My doctor

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

assures me that the most nervous person who adheres rigidly to this scheme will quickly regain perfect health, and ever afterwards maintain it—

11 a.m. Come on duty, clothed in light raiment. Recline on couch.

11.15 a.m. Interval. Cup of chocolate. Temples bathed with eau-de-Cologne.

11.45 a.m. Resume duties. Limit of three calls.

Noon. Knock off for light, nourishing luncheon, followed by short ride with Mr. Grahame-White and Lady Abdy.

2 p.m. Resume duties. Laugh a little. Take things easily.

2.15 p.m. Knock off. Take up novel with large print. Read three pages.

3 p.m. Resume duties. Answer all calls in still, small voice.

3.15 p.m. Knock off for tea, music, and light lecture on general rules of health.

4.45 p.m. Extend genial welcome to relief.

5 p.m. Nice waft with Mr. Charles Rolls. Home at 7 p.m.

Creatures of Wayward Impulse.

Mr. Samuel further took the House into his confidence on the subject of the boy messengers employed by the Post Office. "A certain number of them," he explained jocularly, "yield too often to the wayward impulses of youth." Most of us, I suppose, who go about the streets with our eyes open have seen them yielding. One of them, it seems, was called upon to explain in writing the reason of his repeated misbehaviour. His explanation, in common with all the best explanations, was very simple. It ran as follows: "I have tried very hard to behave myself, but I find I cannot do so." There are few people (outside the Post Office or the House of Commons), I fancy, who would not, in an honest moment, append their initials to that explanation. One person who has tried very hard to behave himself, but finds that he cannot do so, is the young gentleman told off to deliver sixpennyworth of ice at my house every afternoon. I could draw up his time-table fairly accurately—

3 p.m. Leave shop. Sixpennyworth of ice in basket.

3.5 p.m. Meet friend. Engage friend in conversation.

3.15 p.m. Differ from friend on vital point. Fourpennyworth of ice in basket.

3.17 p.m. Engage friend in combat.

3.35 p.m. Souse friend. Twopennyworth of ice in basket.

3.45 p.m. Deliver ice. One pennyworth of ice in basket.

The Cynic in the Signal-Box.

Colonel Yorke, it seems, has been at pains to discover a measure which would make railway accidents resultant upon the mistakes of signalmen impossible. In the course of his labours he asked a signalman of long service whether, as the result of his experience, he could make any suggestion for assisting the memory of a signalman. The signalman replied that he knew of nothing except the production of a new race of human beings incapable of making a mistake. The gallant Colonel, according to my daily paper, reported to that effect to the Board of Trade. It will be a comfort to the public to know for certain that the signalman cannot guarantee one a safe journey so far as his signals are concerned. If Colonel Yorke and the cynical signalman of long service will allow me, I should like to put forward a little idea of my own for assisting the memory of signalmen. It is not quite so complicated as the production of a new race of human beings incapable of making a mistake. Employ two men—one to work the signals and the other to jog his memory.

THE SEVEN NEW PEERESSES:

LADIES WHOSE HUSBANDS HAVE BECOME BARONS.



1. MRS. R. K. CAUSTON, WIFE OF THE RT. HON. RICHARD KNIGHT CAUSTON, EX - WHIP, EX - PAYMASTER-GENERAL, CHIEF OF THE RADICAL ORGANISATION IN LONDON, FORMERLY AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE GREAT FIRM OF PRINTERS AND STATIONERS.

2. LADY FOSTER, WIFE OF THE RT. HON. SIR WALTER B. FOSTER, PHYSICIAN, EX - PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, WHO RESIGNED HIS SEAT IN FAVOUR OF COLONEL SEELEY.

3. LADY KEARLEY, WIFE OF THE RT. HON. SIR HUDSON EWBARNE KEARLEY, BT., EX-PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE, CHAIRMAN OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY, CREATOR OF A FAMOUS TEA AND GROCERIES BUSINESS.

4. LADY FURNESS, WIFE OF SIR CHRISTOPHER FURNESS, EX-M.P. FOR HARTLEPOOL, FOUNDER OF, OR LARGELY INTERESTED IN, NUMEROUS GREAT SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRIES.

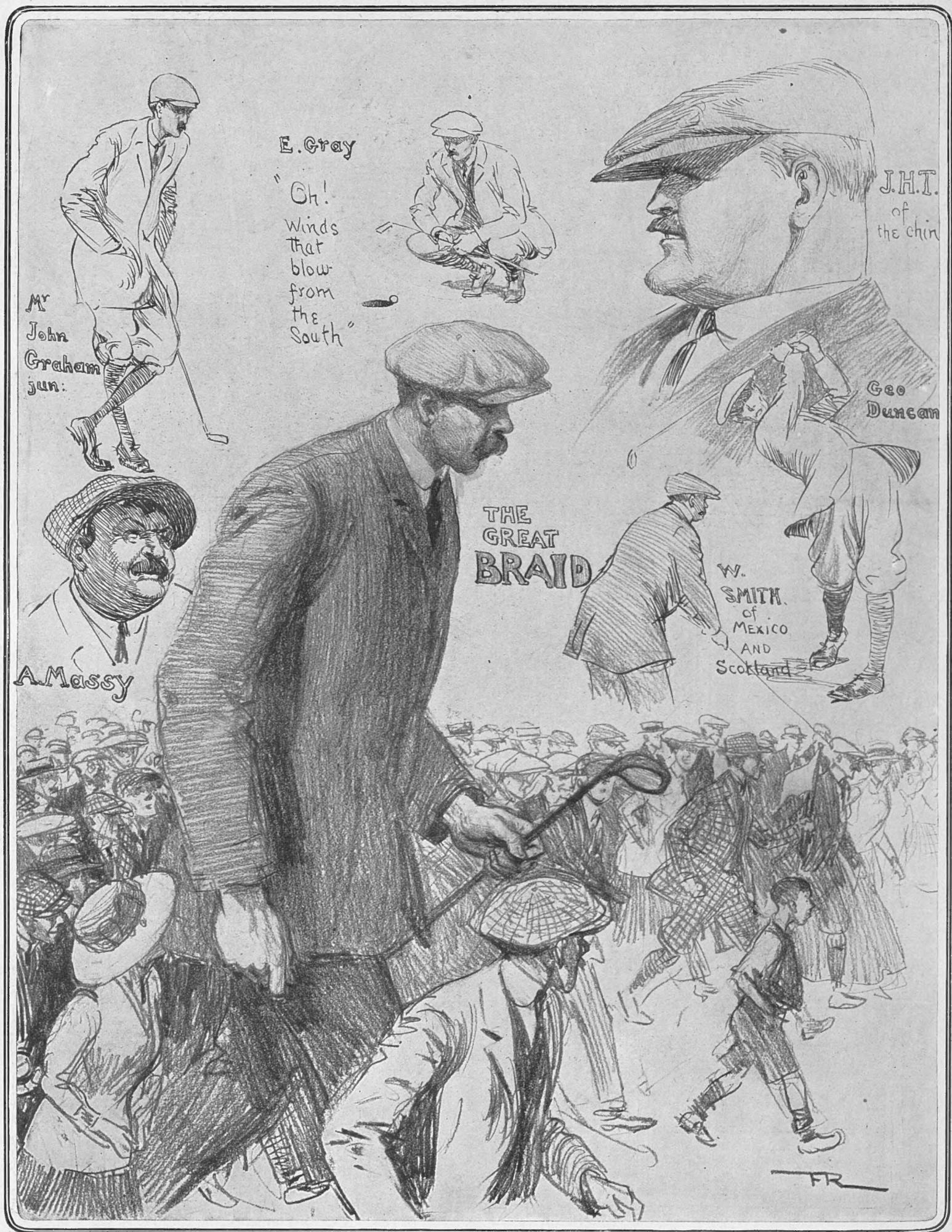
5. MRS. FREEMAN-FREEMAN-THOMAS, WIFE OF MR. FREEMAN-FREEMAN-THOMAS, EX - M.P. FOR HASTINGS, AND FOR THE BODMIN DIVISION OF CORNWALL.

6. LADY HOLLAND, WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HENRY HOLLAND, BT., EX-M.P. FOR NORTH SALFORD AND FOR THE ROTHERHAM DIVISION OF THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, FAMOUS IN THE COTTON WORLD.

7. LADY PEARSON, WIFE OF SIR WEEWAN DICKINSON PEARSON, BT., EX-M.P. FOR COLCHESTER, HEAD OF THE GREAT FIRM OF CONTRACTORS THAT BEARS HIS NAME.

Mrs. Causton was Miss Selina Mary Chambers, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Chambers. Lady Foster was Miss Emily Martha Sargent, daughter of Mr. W. L. Sargent, of Edgbaston. Lady Kearley was Miss Selina Chester, daughter of Mr. W. Chester, of Blisworth. Lady Furness was Miss Jane Annette Suggitt, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Suggitt, of Brierton. Mrs. Freeman-Freeman-Thomas was the Hon. Marie Adelaide Brassey, daughter of Lord Brassey. Lady Holland was Miss May Lund, daughter of the late Mr. James Lund, of Malsis Hall, near Leeds. Lady Pearson was Miss Annie Cass, daughter of the late Sir John Cass, of Bradford.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP—SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



JAMES BRAID, FIVE TIMES WINNER OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP; AND OTHER PLAYERS AT ST. ANDREWS.

James Braid, of Walton Heath, won the Open Golf Championship last week, and now holds the title for the fifth time—a record no other player can boast. Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor have each won the event four times. Braid's total was 299—another record. Alex Herd was second with 303; G. Duncan, third with 304; L. Ayton, fourth with 306; Edward Ray took the fifth prize with 308; W. Smith and E. Robson, each with 308, divided the sixth and seventh; J. Kinnell, T. G. Renouf, E. P. Gaudin, and D. J. Ross, each with 309, divided the eighth.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE QUEEN-MOTHER'S OWN FLAG; HER MAJESTY'S FLAG
FLYING OVER BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

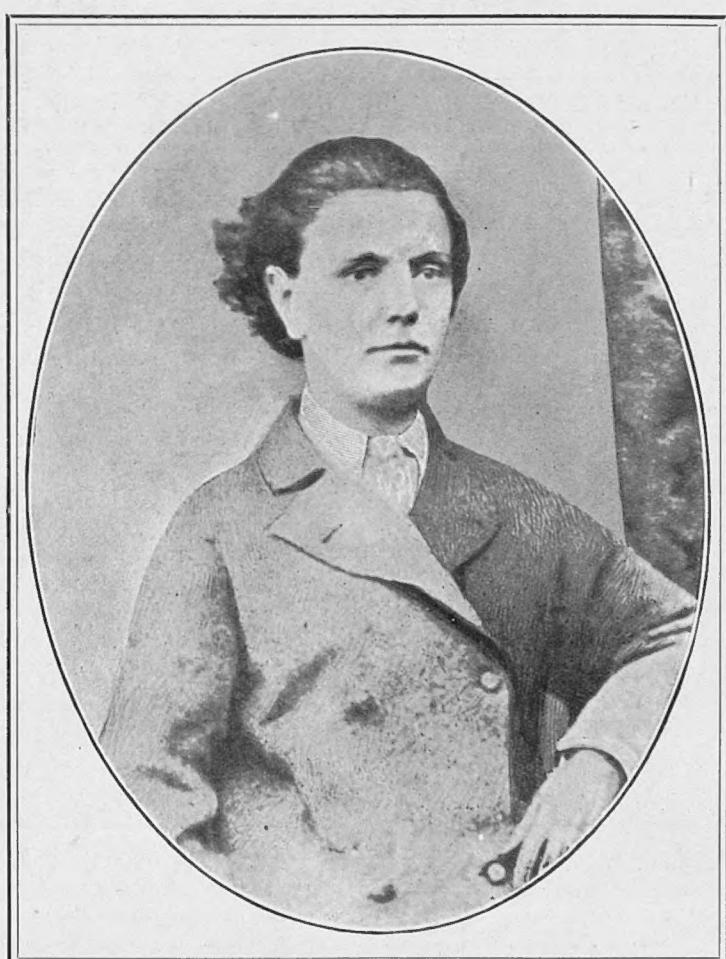
The Queen-Mother's own flag was hoisted over Buckingham Palace the other day, for the first time since it was designed for her Majesty. It consists of the British Royal Standard next the staff, and the Danish Royal Standard in the fly, and is twenty-four feet long and twelve feet deep. The greatest interest has been taken in it by the people, who are rejoicing that they are to be in a position to know when their beloved Queen Alexandra is in residence in any particular place.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



THE WIFE OF KING ALBERT: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
OF THE BELGIANS.

Her Majesty was Elizabeth Duchess of Bavaria. She was born on July 25, 1876, and was married to King Albert, at Munich, on Oct. 2, 1900. She has three children—Prince Leopold, who was born at Brussels in November 1901; Prince Charles, who was born at Brussels in October 1903; and Princess Marie, who was born at Ostend in August 1906. The portrait here given is the latest that has been taken of her Majesty.

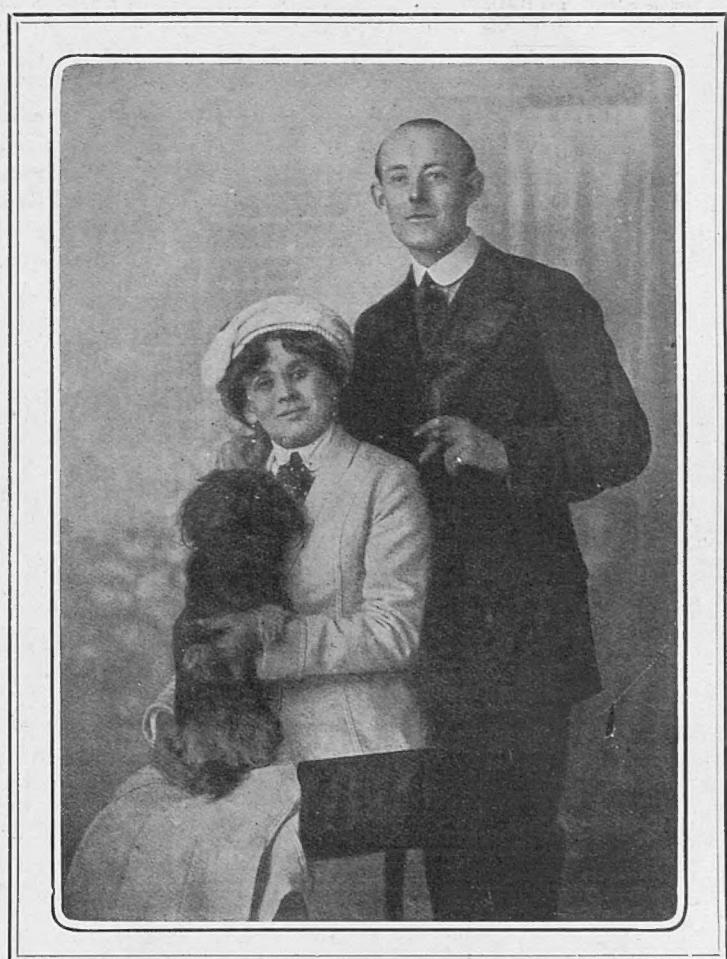
Photograph by Boule.



THE WOMAN-MAN: "HARRY LLOYD," OTHERWISE MARIE LE ROY,
WHO LIVED AS A MAN FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

"Harry Lloyd," of Enfield, died some ten days ago, at the age of seventy-four, and it was then discovered, to the amazement of "his" daughter, who had always regarded "him" as her father, that "he" was a woman. Subsequent inquiries have identified "Harry Lloyd" with a French lady, Marie Le Roy, who years ago was associated with Charles Bradlaugh and other Freethinkers at the Hall of Science, Old Street, E.C.

Photograph by L.N.A.



THE WEDDING OF A FAMOUS "STAR": MR. J. HUMBLE-CROFTS
AND MRS. HUMBLE-CROFTS (MISS MARGARET COOPER).

Miss Margaret Cooper, who has so often delighted large audiences by her playing and her singing—at the Palace especially—was married the other day to Mr. J. Humble-Crofts, a son of the Rector of Waldron, to whom she had been engaged for two or three years. The wedding took place at Waldron, the bridegroom's father officiating. It is very good to know that she will continue to appear in public; thousands would have missed her.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield].

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwards. Reappearance of MR. EDMUND PAYNE and full Gaiety Company. EVERY EVENING at 8. OUR MISS GIBBS. Box-office open to till 10.

NEW THEATRE. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. FRED TERRY as Sir Percy Blakeney. Every Evening at 8. Matinée every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Every Evening at 9, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by Oscar Wilde. At 8.30, "A Maker of Men," by Alfred Nutt. MATINEE EVERY WED. at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. THE ARCADIANS. EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 9. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Co. in a New Farcical Comedy, THE NAKED TRUTH, by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell. At 8.15, "The Parents' Progress." MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3.

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYASHT and ADOLF BOLM in a series of DANCE IDYLLS, "HULLO, LONDON!" Millie Legarde, J. F. McArdle, Up-to-Date Events on the Bioscope, and Selected Varieties. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

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MESSRS. ROBINSON, FISHER & CO., WILL INCLUDE the above in their sale on July 6 next.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY. A FRESH SENSATION.
£10. A FORTNIGHT'S DELIGHTFUL CRUISE NORWAY
—the "Wonderland of Nature"—for £10, including full board. The luxuriously-appointed steam-yacht HAAKON VII. (specially built in 1907 for these tours) starts from NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, JUNE 28, JULY 12, 26, AUGUST 9. Every comfort and convenience; cuisine equals that of first-class hotel. Perfectly smooth water in land-locked fjords and channels

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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

L. & S. W. R.

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On WEEK-DAYS, commencing JULY 1.

	a.m.	a.m.	S	a.m.	a.m.	R‡	R	p.m.
WATERLOO	5 50	6 10	6 35	7 40	10 15	10 25	12 20	12 30
BOURNEMOUTH	8 45	10 14	12 37	12 42	2 24	2 43	3 5	4 10
Swanage	9 2	10 25	11 33	12 47	1 24	2 35	3 18	4 36
Dorchester	10 24	11 31	12 12	1 38	3 44	3 48	4 13	5 17
WEYMOUTH	9 30	12 10	1 27	3 30	3 45	3 46	4 10	...
	9 46	12 31	1 43	3 46	3 46	3 46	4 10	...
C	p.m.	p.m.	P	S	R	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
WATERLOO	2 10	2 20	2 50	4 10	4 50	5 50	6 55	8 15
BOURNEMOUTH	Central	arr.	5 47	6 16	7 29	9 44	11 39	1 45
West	5 58	6 40	6 51	7 40	9 40	10 1
Swanage	6 12	7 14	8 39	11 11
Dorchester	5 52	7 6	8 39	10 35	12 43	2 35
WEYMOUTH	6 8	7 21	8 58	10 51	12 59	...

† Commences July 6. P—Pullman Car to Bournemouth (Mondays excepted). S—Via Salisbury. ‡ To July 8 only. + Wednesdays and Saturdays only; and on Thursday arrive 12.14 midnight. * Not after July 8. C—Three minutes later on Saturdays. A—After July 8 arrive a little later.

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R—Restaurant-Car Train.

For full particulars see the Company's Time Tables for July.

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THE CLUBMAN

"En Plongée." At Calais, when I passed through that port going to Paris for the "Great Week," the Tri-colour was flying half-mast high on all the flag-staffs and on the great man-of-war which is mothering the fleet of tug and salvage boats and barges clustered round the spot to which the *Pluviose* was

moved before the bodies of the gallant men who went down in her were recovered. Calais is grief-stricken, and all France sympathises with her. Yet France, which grieves more patently, if not more sincerely, than England would have done in a like case, permitted, a couple of years ago, "En Plongée" to be staged at one of the small theatres in Paris. The play showed in the first act the interior of a submarine. Something went wrong with the machinery, and after the vessel had sunk it could not rise again. In the darkness all discipline vanished, and officers and men fought fiercely with

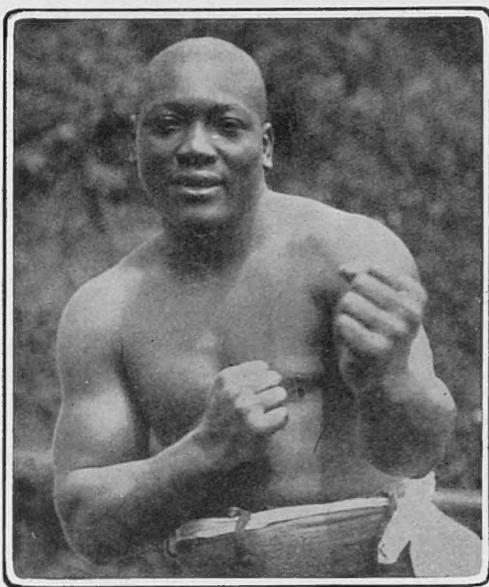
The winner of the Grand Steeplechase, an English horse, and his owner, were warmly applauded at Auteuil, and there are many other signs that France as a nation, and not only certain sections of Frenchmen, have accepted the friendship of England whole-heartedly. When King Edward first established the Entente Cordiale, the statesmen and the manufacturers and the agriculturists and the traders of all kinds accepted it enthusiastically; but the racing men—which means a large portion of the old aristocracy, the army, and the artistic professions—did not take the outstretched hand very readily. The army still doubts the value of an Agreement with a nation which has reduced its forces of fully disciplined men to a dangerous minimum; but the men with a "de" before their names and the artistic fraternity have now shaken the outstretched hand warmly; and even the *vieilles moustaches* of the army are very cordial to individual officers; while our bands, when they cross the Channel, are received with enthusiasm.

French War Pictures.

At one time few French artists could paint a battle in which British soldiers took part without indulging in a little malice. This has changed now, as the present Salon shows. There is a great decorative work of the Surrender of Yorktown, which is as dignified as it would have been had any of

our battle-painters undertaken this, to us British, disagreeable subject. There are two pictures of the square formed by a battalion of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with rough old Cambronne in its centre—a square which our

cavalry and the Prussians failed to break, just as our squares foiled the French cavalry earlier in the day. In one of these pictures, "L'Agonie," the French square stands surrounded by dead and dying grey horses—an inaccuracy, I fancy, on the part of the painter—and Cambronne, with clenched fist, is shouting his brief answer to the appeal to surrender; but in both canvases there is nothing to which the most sensitive Briton could take exception. When one remembers the pictures that were painted when the Irish-American influence was making itself felt in the artistic world of Paris, the *volte-face* on the part of Paris that paints seems wonderful. There is one touch of black amidst the snowy marble of the sculpture at the Salon. It is the crape scarf draped on the bust of King Edward, the tribute of the artist-world to the King whom Paris loved so well.

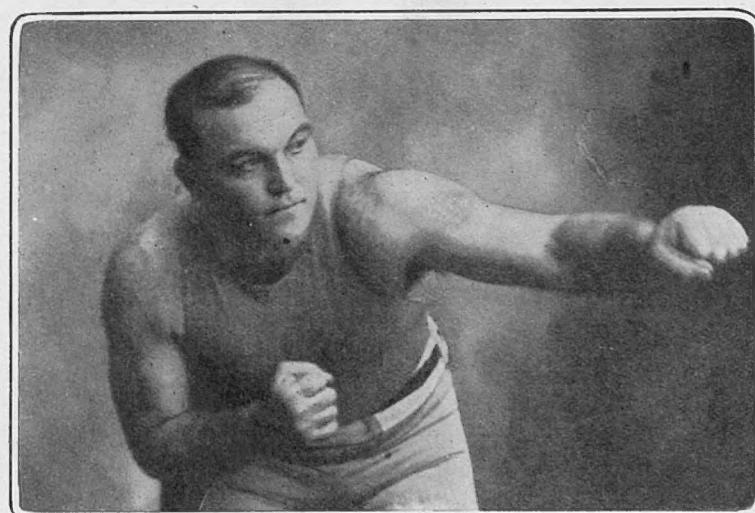


TO FIGHT JEFFRIES AT RENO, NEVADA—
IT IS HOPED! JOHNSON.

At the moment of writing, the latest news is that it is believed that the Jeffries-Johnson fight will take place at Reno, Nevada, on July 4. Jeffries has his open-air boxing ring at Mauno Springs, near that town. Johnson's camp is at Lawton Springs, six miles from the town.

each other to reach the ladder which led to the opening, the officers using their revolvers. The second act showed the cemetery at Toulon, with an official of the Ministry of Marine pronouncing a glowing oration over the graves of the drowned crew of the submarine. Yet the nation which permitted this play—a play which would not have lived for a night on the British stage—grieves more passionately than we would grieve over her men who died, and died at their posts, when the *Pluviose* went down.

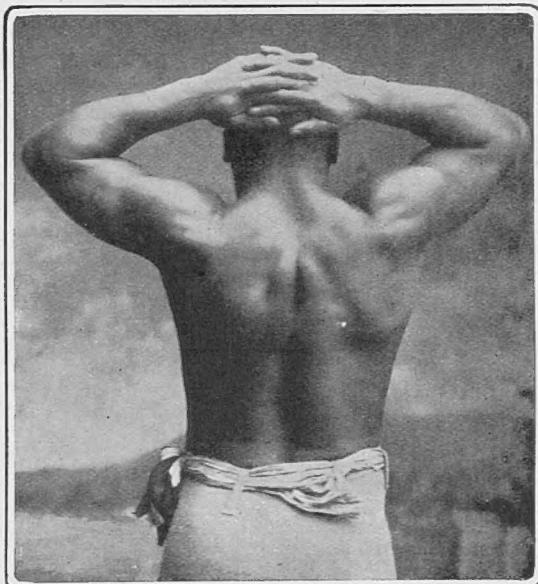
At Auteuil. It was a great change to go from Ascot, with its crowds all in the deepest mourning, to Auteuil on the day of the great steeplechase, run on a blazing summer day, which gave the ladies their first opportunity this season to show their gossamer toilets. Some of these toilets are gossamer to the highest degree. One lady in a Directoire gown, very short at the sleeves and low at the neck, drew from a group of her compatriots of her own sex the comment—"She has come out in her *robe de nuit*." Those of the English who were at Auteuil were faithful to their half-mourning, but the Americans who had halted in London on their way to Paris, and had felt that it was right to show their sympathy with us by wearing sombre garments in England, rejoiced to be in brighter surroundings, and outdid the Parisiennes in butterfly apparel. I have never known Paris in the summer with so many Americans and so few English within her gates.



TO MEET JOHNSON—PROBABLY ON JULY 4, AT RENO: JEFFRIES.

It need scarcely be recalled, perhaps, that the Jeffries-Johnson fight was to have taken place at San Francisco, but was prohibited. The Nevada law permits prize-fighting. Jeffries is under the care of Jim Corbett, who believes that his man can outlast any boxer in the world, and expects to see him win, whether the match is long or short.

Photographs by the Pictorial News Co.



A SIGHT JOHNSON DOES NOT INTEND TO SHOW JEFFRIES: JOHNSON'S BACK, ITS FINE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

LAST year a muscular man, carrying two big pistols, invaded the White House, which is where Mr. Roosevelt used to live. This year he appeared again with one pistol. In due course he would have called next year without any pistols; but in case he should do so, the U.S.A. authorities have arrested him to inquire into his sanity. This sort of arithmetical progression backwards should not be allowed to degenerate into a habit.

"Silver corn drooping over full-blown roses in shades of grey, the petals tipped with black, makes a pretty trimming on the hats in fine black chip or Tagel." And a great improvement on silly old, unprogressive Dame Nature.

"It is preposterous," remarked Mr. d'Eyncourt at Clerkenwell, "that bad boys should have things made easier for them than good boys. The bad boy is helped on, and the good boy neglected." There are any number of fussy persons eager to gain advertisement by pushing a bad boy along the way he should go,

but they won't waste their time on the idiotic good boy who goes without being told. There is scant advertisement to be got out of him.

From the Agony Column : "SEA WAVES,—Am I right?—E. J. AFFINITY." That depends, E. J., on whether you are a good sailor or not.

THE MODERN BOOT.

(Recent revelations show that the beautiful boots in the shop windows are usually dummies, and that, whether you pay a high or a low price, you get the same boot.)

If you fancy an elegant boot that adorns A bootseller's window, and hail It the one thing on earth that will humour your corns, It's a dummy, and isn't for sale. In the shop there are boots of all sizes and shapes, To suit every country and clime, But the bootmaker's humour consists in the japes That there's only one boot all the time! You may stretch it to fit on some powerful trees, Till it gets near the shape of your foot; You may pay any price that you jolly well please, But it's always the same old boot.

Mr. Plowden saysthat, without divorce as a protection, he looks upon marriage as a dangerous and mad gamble. Is St. George's, Hanover Square, "a place within the meaning of the Act"?

Oberammergau has been giving its visitors an unrehearsed addition to the play in the shape of a deluge which has swamped the whole valley. These German stage-managers are always so realistic.



THE SANDWICH NOTE.
(The note in sandwiches should be surprise and variety.)
The sandwich note is not I cannot say I care for this;
in A, I'd have it understood
Nor even in B flat; I do not find the slightest bliss
Although, for aught I know, In tackling rowdy food.
it may A sandwich should restrain its wit,
Next week resemble that. Nor fancy humour comes
The modern sandwich note By making jig-saw puzzles fit
should be And bless your hostess' eyes.
A scherzo in surprise,
A thing to make you start at tea
With tin-tacks in my gums.

The Americans are in a great pothet what to do with their little Theodore now they have got him home again, and think of making him Dictator for life. The only other Theodore of recent years was the Negus of Abyssinia; why not make this one the Cocktail of the U.S.A.?

Architects are complaining that though architecture is an art, it is very badly paid. They are very unreasonable. If a

man practises a trade he gets a wage; if he practises an art he gets an "honorarium," which is a wise, long word for as little as possible. Poor pay is the chief difference between art and trade.

A Professor in America has just knocked forty million years off the age of Mother Earth. No doubt he means to be polite, but when ladies reach an advanced age they are rather proud of their years than otherwise. More want of tact!

The latest Bond Street design for the ankle of gilded youth is a cream sock with a delicate purple stripe. As always, the gay young dogs are brilliant at the wrong end.

Jefries and Johnson have got a splendid advertisement since the Mayor of San Francisco has interfered to prevent the fight in that town. Things were going a bit slack, but now cinematograph films are looking up again.

What to do with our boys. "It is astonishing how many wives seem to be keeping their husbands nowadays," observed Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court.



Prince Edward's Island is the paradise of anti-motorists, for the Legislature has just refused to repeal a law making it a criminal offence to use a motor-car. The roads are kept to their proper use as a recreation-ground for dogs and hens.

THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO GO UP:

PETER PAN STILL INTERESTED IN FLIGHT.



FAMOUS AIRMAN AND WOULD-BE PASSENGER: MR. CLAUD GRAHAME-WHITE AND MISS PAULINE CHASE
AT BROOKLANDS.

Peter Pan is interested in flight not only on the stage, but off it. Our readers will recall that some while ago we published portraits of Miss Pauline Chase on a Short biplane. Since then the young actress has been keener than ever about the new sport. At Brooklands the other day, for instance, her bid for the right to make the first passenger flight with Mr. Grahame-White was second only to Lady Abdy's. As the flight in question ended with a fall and the breaking of the biplane, Miss Chase may be congratulated on her luck in being outbid.

Photograph of Mr. Grahame-White and Miss Chase by Illustrations Bureau; photograph of Miss Chase on a biplane by Bassano; arrangement by "The Sketch."

SMALL TALK

LADY GREGORY has had long and close association with the Irish folk-lore she brings to London. Mr. Yeats is not the only poet who has recited on the lawns of Coole Park, her place in County Galway. For twenty years or so a minstrel has sung there of fairies and of heroes. He is himself a person about whom tales and traditions are creeping into existence. When the Hon. William Gibson, heroic wearer of the Irish kilt, visited Galway not long ago, he was spied upon the highway by the minstrel. Returning in hot haste to the house, "Fly, fly to Coole Gate, till you see a man in petticoats," he called. This would seem to prove that Mr. Gibson's attire is totally unfamiliar even to



TO MARRY THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE TO-MORROW (30TH); MISS MARY KATHERINE LINDLEY. Miss Lindley is the only daughter of Brigadier-General the Hon. J. E. Lindley and of Mrs. Lindley, and granddaughter of Lord Lindley. The wedding is to take place at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens.—[Photograph by Val d'Estrange.]

those who keep an eye upon the remoter and stranger customs and costumes of Erin.

The Deacons. Time was when it was thought that a Deacon would marry a Prince of higher degree than the Prince Radziwill. But the Kaiser's prompt action interrupted the Crown Prince of Germany's courtship of Miss Gladys Deacon, the elder sister of Miss Dorothy Deacon. Since then, the Crown Prince has married, and the Kaiser is forgiven—in Germany, at least. Miss Deacon's denunciation of his interference gained weight, at the time, from the extreme beauty and the vividly dramatic manner of the young lady. When, a few seasons ago, she first appeared in society, she was hailed, and justly,



MISS AMY VIOLET MONTAGU AND MR. GEORGE CHARLTON ANNE, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (29TH).

Mr. George Charlton Anne is a son of Major Anne, of Burghwallis Hall, Doncaster. Miss Montagu is the daughter of the late Mr. James Montagu, of Grove Hall, Knottingley. The wedding is to take place at the Brompton Oratory.

Photographs by Lafayette.

as the most beautiful girl of her day. Now her younger sister, in her turn, must be acclaimed as a perfect type of Anglo-Saxon girlhood.

Home-spuns. The Duchess of Sutherland has issued revised invitations for her garden-party (first arranged for June 27) on July 4. It was at the corresponding function last year that the late King showed himself so actively interested in the Scottish industries that benefit by the annual display at Stafford House. He spent the larger portion of the afternoon in the company of his hostess, learning from her of

tweeds and the peasants who live by tweeds. Let no stranger to this city be beguiled by the underlining of the word "homespuns" on the card much as "Dress" or "Full Dress" might be placed there, but it does not follow that homespuns should be present, except "in the piece."

The Famous Mrs. Fawcetts.

Mrs. Fawcett, who was listened to with such obvious respect by the Divorce Commission, is one of a group of Aldeburgh sisters, one of whom—Mrs. Garrett Anderson—is Mayor of the Suffolk township. Mrs. Fawcett is famous for her own remarkable ability, famous in her sisters, in her husband, and



TO MARRY MISS MARY KATHERINE LINDLEY TO-MORROW (30TH); THE HON. ROBERT BRUCE. Mr. Bruce is in the 11th Hussars, and is the second son of the Earl of Elgin, and the first of the six sons of the family to marry.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

in her daughter. Miss Rhoda Garrett and a third sister were conspicuous as leaders of the æsthetic movement; her husband, whose blindness put no term to his researches in political economy, held beliefs that have made a very fitting departure-point for Mrs. Fawcett's Suffrage enterprises; her daughter is Miss Philippa Fawcett, the only human being who is a "higher than Senior Wrangler."

The Fourth of July.

The American Ambassador

wishes it to be

known that he is particularly insistent on the fact that the party at the Embassy on July 4 is in the first place for Americans. Notable natives will, of course, be invited to give interest to the



MR. GEORGE P. JACOMB HOOD, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST, WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS RETA DE HOCHEPIED LARPENT YESTERDAY (28TH). Mr. George P. Jacomb Hood, the well-known painter, who, in the capacity of special artist-correspondent, went to Delhi for the Durbar, and to India for King George's tour as Prince of Wales, was married yesterday at the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston Square, to Miss Reta de Hoched Larpent.—[Photograph by Copperfield.]



MRS. JACOMB HOOD (FORMERLY MISS RETA DE HOCHEPIED LARPENT), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (28TH).

Mrs. G. P. Jacomb Hood is the third daughter of the eighth Baron de Hoched, and sister of the present Baron. The bride's mother was the daughter of Major-General Sir Peter Melville Melville, Military and Naval Secretary to the Governor of Bombay.

Photograph by Copperfield.

WHY NOT AN EIGHT? PRETTY FANNY'S WAY.



A POPULAR FIGURE: MILLE. SUZANNE FAN.

Mlle. Fan, here shown in rowing costume, recently won the second prize in the race of the Club Nautique Fémina.

Photograph by Bolak.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THERE is no little bustle of preparation in the country residences of the royal family, but this does not mean that the King will be able to leave town for some time to come. Balmoral Castle has been put in order, and the thought of the improved gardens, spick-and-span interior, and the pleasantness of the season in the North must be very inviting to those who are detained—and detained till, at the earliest, the end of July—in London. Osborne Cottage is the summer home of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and there Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, watching her children enjoying the English surroundings that she hopes may always claim a part of their affections, will endeavour to recover the good spirits she lost earlier in the year. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are spending most of the summer at Bagshot.

Seamore Place. Sir Ian Hamilton is not at all of the opinion that his new post is an idle one. The last man to be content to spend experience and reputation on a command that could increase neither, he knows that he is to be congratulated and not commiserated upon his appointment. The only hardship—from a soldier's point of view, a trifling one—is that he has to leave a particularly charming home in Seamore Place, where those who do not care to put a boastful "Park Lane" upon their notepaper enjoy all the advantages of London's first thoroughfare. On July 23 Lady Hamilton's brother, Sir Alexander Kay Muir, is to marry Mrs. Villiers-Stuart.

"*Why, Arthur Pollen.*" The son of the first baronet, to whom fortune flowed from the East Indies



MARRIED TO MR. MONTAGUE ELIOT LAST WEEK:
MISS HELEN AGNES POST.

Miss Post, now Mrs. Montague Eliot, is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Post and of Lady Barrymore, and a niece of Mrs. Adair. Mr. Eliot is the second son of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Eliot, and grandson of the third Earl of St. Germans.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

and his mills, Sir Alexander spends most of his time between his houses in Perthshire and Piccadilly. All his sisters have, like Lady Hamilton, married men of the North, except the youngest. She married Captain Stephen Pollen, the distinguished A.D.C. to two successive Viceroys of India, and counts among her brothers-in-law Commander Pollen, a particularly able officer of the senior service; Father Pollen, the Jesuit; and the versatile Mr. Arthur Pollen, who has given his time to the Liberal platform, golf, and big game, with equal success. There is a story that Stanley, the explorer, when asked whom he would choose to be if he were not H. M. Stanley, replied, "Why, Arthur Pollen."



MRS. STUART KNILL (FORMERLY MISS LUCY WILLIS), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Stuart Knill is a daughter of Captain Willis of Lewisham. After the wedding, a reception was held at the Mansion House.

Photograph by A. Weston.

Rent £52,000. Several Ambassadors were the guests at Dorchester House, not of Mr. Whitelaw Reid nor

of the American Government, but of Mrs. Ridgely Carter, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage with Lord Acheson. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in favouring a friend with the loan of an Embassy, does what no other Ambassador can do. He pays dearly for the right—that is, he contributes very largely to the very large rent of Colonel Holford's splendid mansion. It is interesting to remember that when, in 1895, Nasrullah Khan, the late Ameer's son, came to London and stayed at Dorchester House, Colonel Holford received rent of £1000 a week.

The Panic and the Prank.

The wedding receptions of the year have, in spite of mourning, been exceptionally brilliant—and big. The ordeal of a thousand smiles and as many handshakes is no light one for a bride, and in some cases she has been overtaken by a desire for flight before the endless procession of congratulatory friends. For thirty seconds, just when the crush was at its thickest on the stairway and least thick in the reception-room, Viscountess Acheson felt the desire, and gave way. She was standing in the far window of the great room at Dorchester House, Lord Acheson beside her. To disappear, she had but to slip behind his broad shoulders. It was done in a second, and he, quick to see her prankish intention, further shielded her by taking the curtain in his hand. And then, before three people were aware of this strange disappearance of a bride, she was back in her place, all smiles and greetings.

Other People's Business. Other people's money affairs are seldom the occasion of very accurate Dame



MARRIED TO MISS ETHEL LEWIS (FORMERLY OF THE D'OLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY): MR. FRANCIS GEOFFREY PEARSON, YOUNGEST SON OF SIR WEEWMAN PEARSON (ONE OF THE NEW PEERS). (SEE PAGE ILLUSTRATION IN THIS NUMBER.)

Photograph by Thomson.

figuring on the part of Gossip. Thus, the story, now come to London, of Mr. Drexel's marriage settlement upon his recently wedded daughter is some distance from the truth. Warned by the failure of more than one alliance between American wealth and an English title, Mr. Drexel, we are told, arranged a sliding-scale allowance, that increased with each year spent by his daughter and son-in-law in united happiness. For the first year, he allowed her five thousand dollars; for the second, ten thousand; for the third, fifteen; and so on up to £50,000. That Lord and Lady Maidstone's needs will increase with the years, and that

Mr. Drexel has taken this into his reckoning, is accurate enough. It has not yet been suggested that Mr. Drexel will multiply with mathematical regularity the number of the Maidstones' motors.



LIEUTENANT STUART KNILL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS LUCY WILLIS TOOK PLACE FROM THE MANSION HOUSE LAST WEEK.

Lieutenant Knill is the only son of the Lord Mayor. He is a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteers Reserve.

Photograph by A. Weston.

⊕ ⊕ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD ! ⊕ ⊕



THE VERY THING FOR THE HOT WEATHER: AN "ICE" EIGHTY FEET HIGH.

Our photograph shows a waterfall in the grip of the Tibetan winter—that is to say, frozen solid. The fall, which is eighty feet high, is between Chumbi and Phari.

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THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

A Poetic Drama. Mr. Yeats' play, "The King's Threshold," which was presented at the Court Theatre by a company from Birmingham called "The Pilgrim Players," was originally produced six years or so ago at the Royalty. It is rather monotonous as a play, though it has passages of imaginative beauty as poetry, and certain power at the climax. A poet who had been insulted by the King was taking the poetic vengeance of starving himself upon the palace threshold, and various people, and groups of people, tried to move him from his purpose; but he carried the flag of poetry to a triumphant victory. The victory was so long in coming that the effect of the poetry was, after a time, almost entirely lost. The company, whose elocution was, on the whole, admirable, yielded to the temptation to take it in too monotonous a tone.

Three Playlets. A matinée at the same theatre, in aid of the Animal Defence Society, introduced three short plays and a monologue, and the audience enjoyed most of all the part played in the monologue by Mr. Sam Sothern's little dog. The most ambitious was Lady Clarke-Jervoise's "Shub Rab," a little Anglo-Indian drama, cleverly written and well played by the authoress and Mr. Leon Quartermaine, Miss Clarke-Jervoise, and Mr. Athol Stewart. There was wit in Mr. Athol Stewart's "Through the Post," and Miss Decima Moore played brightly in a comedy of the eighteenth century called "The Betrothal of Betty," by Mr. M. Stanley Clarke.

An Irish Farce. They call them comedies in Ireland—but they aren't, and that's no matter. These farces of

Court to set out in pursuit of the elusive, valueless bird. And the acting had the supreme merit of truth, with vigorous colour. All seemed to ignore the audience; so Miss Sara Allgood as the comic widow, and Mr. Arthur Sinclair as the wealthy stranger, and the others, gave us an admirable performance.

A New Playwright. Mr. S. L. Robinson, author of "The Cross Roads," is,

I believe, a beginner as dramatist. This one could hardly have guessed from his work, unless it be from some obscurity perhaps intentional. "The Cross Roads" is a strong imaginative drama, rather too gloomy for some tastes, but not for those who recognise the right of the theatre to present tragedy. What higher tragedy is imaginable than the tragedy of life? Compared with it the tragedy of death is commonplace; and the cruelty of this play is that the heroine does not die. We had a woman who unselfishly, and from what she thought noble motives, refused the man she loved and married an unattractive farmer. With almost painful power the author shows how terribly she pays for her treason to love, and there are passages of real dramatic force; but for certain ideas one might have thought it a grim study of French peasant life by one of the ablest modern French dramatists. And any French dramatist would have welcomed the acting of Miss Sara Allgood as the un-

happy heroine, and that of pretty Miss Maire O'Neill in the part of her old mother. There was a perfect little character-study by Mr. Kerrigan; Mr. Arthur Sinclair was remarkably truthful as the brutal husband; and the very difficult character of the lover was cleverly rendered by Mr. Fred O'Donovan.



THE VERA VANDERHOUSAN OF "BILLY'S BARGAIN," AT THE GARRICK: MISS OLGA MORRA.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Lady Gregory might well stir English playwrights to similar ventures. "The Jackdaw" is an entertaining forty minutes, consisting of a picture of village folk who present a comic, if not exactly dramatic, story: the result is delightful. The piece is perhaps rather extravagant; that, of course, is the nature of farce. It has a folk-lore flavour which is no disadvantage. No doubt it is anecdotal; the fault of our ordinary farces is that, instead of being dramatised anecdotes, they are three-volume novels compressed, and half of them are occupied in giving us necessary information about the past of the characters. In "The Jackdaw," after three or four minutes we learn all we need, and get to grips; and as we find one villager after another falling into the belief that there is a wealthy

stranger ready to pay ten pounds apiece for jackdaws, we grow merrier and merrier, being aware of the true facts, till the climax is reached, when the magistrates themselves desert the



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY: MISS GWENDOLINE BROGDEN AND MR. BASIL S. FOSTER, OF DALY'S.

Miss Gwendoline Brogden and Mr. Basil S. Foster are to be married to-day (Wednesday) at the Roman Catholic Church, Spanish Place, W. Miss Brogden, it will be remembered, understudied Miss Gabrielle Ray in "The Merry Widow," and has played Cinderella in "Pinkie and the Fairies" at His Majesty's, and other parts. Mr. Foster, who plays John, Earl of Quorn, in "The Dollar Princess," at Daly's, is well known as an athlete. At golf his handicap is scratch. He has played football for the Corinthians, the Casuals, and the Old Malvernians. For three years he played racquets for Malvern. Ten years ago, in company with Mr. W. H. B. Evans, he won the Public Schools Cup. With his brother, Mr. H. K. Foster, and also with Captain W. L. Foster, he has won the amateur double racquets championship. This year he won it with the Hon. C. N. Bruce. He plays cricket for Worcestershire, for the Free Foresters, for the M.C.C., and for Hampshire.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as Billy, delighted his numerous admirers; Miss Fortescue acted very cleverly as his stepmother; and Mr. Frank Denton made a hit by a clever sketch of character.

A Costly Farce. "Billy's Bargain" is mounted and presented in a more costly manner than any farce I recollect: this, I hope, is a merit. Unfortunately, fine feathers do not make funny farces, and a great deal of the piece (by Mr. Robert Lascelles) is not funny. The dialogue, as a rule, suggested the impromptu speech of the comedians of musical comedy, for which "Billy's Bargain" might well serve as a book. There have been worse. The piece has a rather amusing central idea in Billy's scheme for blackmailing his millionaire father, and when it has been condensed, will be to the taste of many. It would be wise to diminish the number of revolver-shots—they get on the nerves of some ladies.

THE MASTER OF THE ARMY PAGEANT AT FULHAM PALACE.

FROM THE ACADEMY PAINTING BY HUGH G. RIVIÈRE.



F. R. BENSON THE ATHLETE: THE FAMOUS ACTOR WHO IS "MASTER" OF THE ARMY PAGEANT.

Mr. F. R. Benson is one of the most athletic of actors. All his life he has been devoted to sport; indeed, Father Adderley has said: "One of the most beautiful sights of our undergraduate days was to look at Benson's long, black hair flying in the wind as he raced the 'three mile' at Oxford and at Lillie Bridge." It seems almost superfluous to state that he has done more, perhaps, than any other actor to spread the knowledge of Shakespeare throughout the country. His work at Fulham Palace has been of the greatest value, and the energy with which he directed proceedings at rehearsals, galloping backwards and forwards bareback, infected many of the players with an energy they might not otherwise have displayed. Mr. Benson gives his recreations as football, cricket, and rowing. It may be noted, further, that he has won the inter-Varsity three miles,

STAR TURNS

MR. FRANCO PIPER, THE BANJO KING.

TO have raised the banjo from a position of musical contempt to one meriting the consideration of the artistic world—the instrument is now included in the curriculum of the London College of Music—is an achievement of which Mr. Franco Piper, who is at present fulfilling an important engagement at the Alhambra, may be proud.

Mr. Piper's association with music began at an early age, for he was playing the piano as soon as he was able, by standing, to reach the keyboard; and at the age of six he made his débüt as a child prodigy on the violin. At the age of sixteen he went to South Africa. Thrown on his own resources, he began to teach music, but finding little chance for making money by giving lessons on the piano and violin, he determined to devote himself to the mandoline and guitar, as they were very high in popular favour. After he had acquired the mastery of them a friend happened, by chance, to leave his banjo one day in Mr. Piper's rooms. Mr. Piper looked at it, tested it, and, becoming fascinated, began experimenting, and had one constructed to his own design on the principle of the harp. So great was his success as a performer that his name travelled to London, and, some ten years ago, he resolved to return to England and endeavour to get engagements at the different music-halls. When he arrived, he called on an agent and sent in his name. "Yes," said the agent, "I've heard of you; what do you do?" "I play the banjo," replied Mr. Piper. "Do you?" said the agent sententiously. "Then don't bother to call here any more."

He tried agent after agent, only to meet with exactly the same reception. Over and over again he wrote to the managers of the Alhambra, the Palace, and other music-halls, but they would never hear of such a thing as a banjo solo on their stage. At length, he got a personal letter of introduction to the late Mr. Charles Morton, who was then managing the Palace. Mr. Morton wrote and fixed an appointment for a certain day, when he would hear the newcomer give an exhibition of his ability. When he arrived at the Palace he set his banjos on tables on the stage and awaited Mr. Morton's arrival. A quarter of an hour before the appointed time Mr. Morton happened to cross the stage. "What does all this mean?" he asked. "You told me you would give me a hearing to-day," said Mr. Piper. Mr. Morton looked at him blankly. "Who are you? I have never seen you. I don't know you." Mr. Piper drew the letter from his pocket. "Perhaps you know this?" and held out the letter. Mr. Morton nodded. "Yes, I did write that letter. I'll see you in a quarter of an hour." Then he turned to the stage-manager. "What's the meaning of all these banjos? Whose are they?" Mr. Piper smiled. "They're mine. I'm a banjoist, and you are going to hear me play in a quarter of an hour." "I'm going to do nothing of the sort," snapped Mr. Morton; "I wouldn't have a banjo on my stage for any money in the

world." And he wouldn't. Mr. Piper had to take his banjos away without the opportunity of playing a single note.

For three years he tried in vain to get an engagement. He was on the point of giving up and doing something else when he obtained a hearing at the Winter Garden, Berlin. So great was his success that Mr. Alfred Moul, the manager of the Alhambra, who happened to be among the audience one evening, at once made a contract with him for four years, and at the end of this term he renewed the contract for three years more.

On his first appearance at the Alhambra, Mr. Piper was engaged for a sixteen weeks' tour in Australia, but that country had to wait for four years before he could find time to undertake the voyage. So popular did he become that the sixteen weeks was prolonged to six months, and his present engagement is the first he has fulfilled since his return.

One of the most remarkable facts in connection with his playing is that in Dresden, Berlin, and other Continental cities the managers have begged him to play solos of serious music instead of doing the extraordinary tricks which are so unique that people have often refused to believe the evidence of their own eyes, and, although they have seen Mr. Piper playing the banjos, have declared they are really played off the stage. At the Apollo Theatre, Vienna, he has often been obliged to cut the drum out of the banjo on which he has been playing, and send the mutilated instrument round the auditorium, to convince people that there was not a musical-box concealed in it.

Those tricks originated because he felt it was necessary to have something in his programme to please the people who do not care for music as such. He began spinning the banjo in Johannesburg, and it took several months' hard practice before he was able to achieve anything like success and keep the instruments going at the rate of about three hundred revolutions a minute, as he does now. When he is in particularly good form, too, he can keep fifteen banjos spinning at the same time. It took several months to learn to swing the two banjos and play a tune on them, while to juggle four instruments and play on them required over three years' constant practice.

Although it looks so easy, it is, in reality, hard physical labour to work with the banjos Mr. Piper uses, for the largest of them weigh just on a quarter of a hundredweight each, and each of the little ones six pounds. In order to keep himself in condition, Mr. Piper trains like a prize-fighter, and

every day he runs three miles, boxes ten rounds, and skips a thousand times, in addition to practising the feats he performs and inventing new ones, that he may maintain the position he has already won as the greatest banjoist in the world.



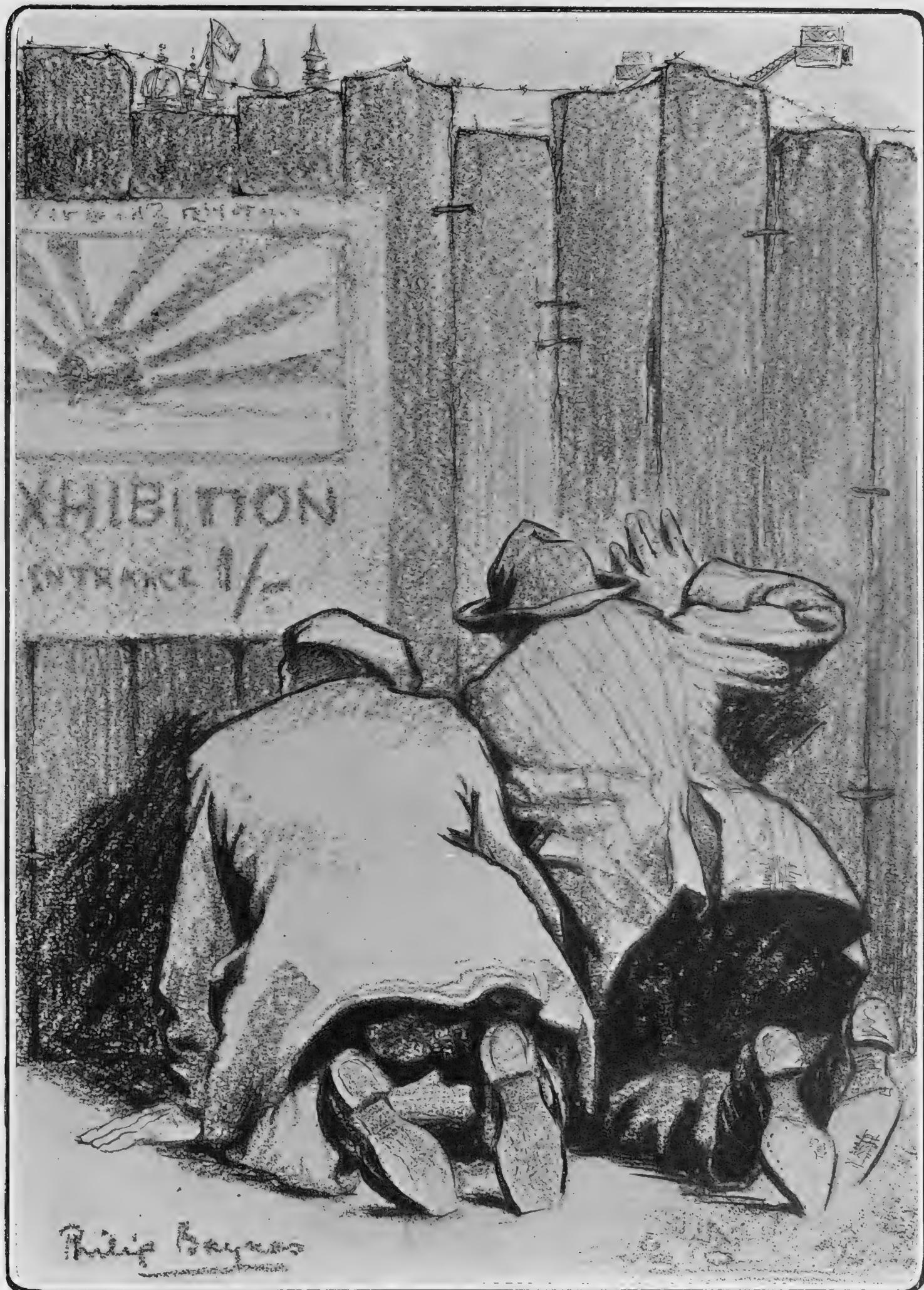
PLAYING TWO BANJOS AT ONCE WHILE SWINGING THEM BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS: MR. FRANCO PIPER PERFORMING ONE OF HIS FEATS.



PLAYING A CIRCLE OF SPINNING BANJOS: A REMARKABLE FEAT BY MR. FRANCO PIPER.

Photographs by Hana.

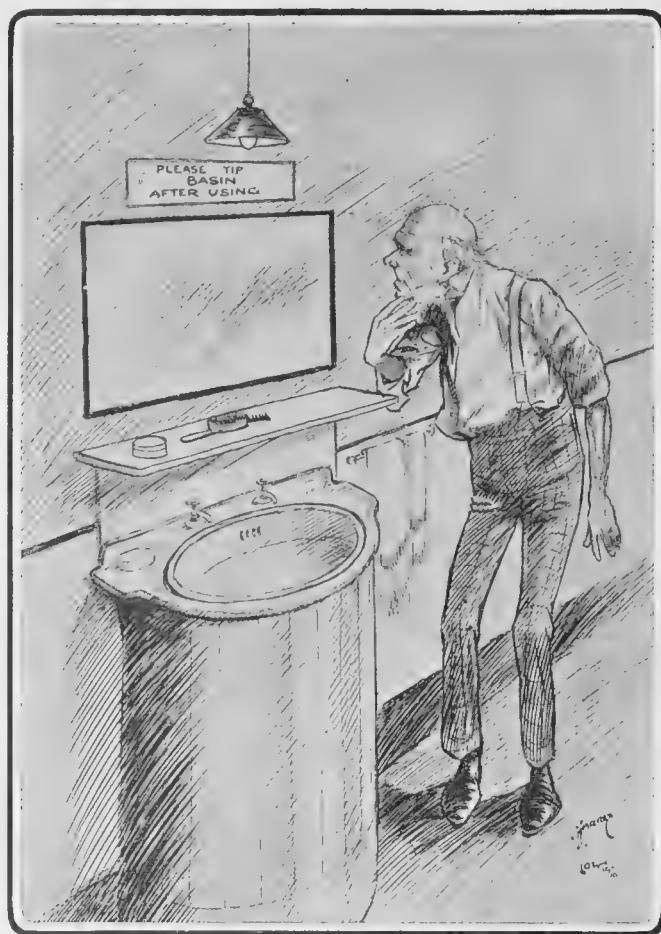
FRONT SEATS.



THE FIRST CRITIC: My opinion is, Bill, this exhibition's better'n last year's.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

FORE!



SANDY (who has been much worried by spoken and unspoken demands for tips) : Tip the basin! Noo this is whaur I draw the line. I'd rather gang dirty.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE SANDWICHMAN (suffering under the weight of boards and words) : Change jobs, mate? Me conscience's prickin' me 'orrible

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE PRIVATE (a Terror—when he's roused) : Please, Sir, what do I do next? That insect there's been and took me prisoner.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE LADY GOLFER : Excuse me, Sir, but have you seen my ball anywhere?

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN : No, Madam, but I can show you the exact spot on which it fell.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

What it Feels Like—



IV.—TO RETURN FROM THE "CLUB" AFTER A GUEST NIGHT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

LOITERINGS IN LOTUS LAND.*

"IN Lotus Land" tells of the Japan that is of to-day and yet of yesterday—of the Japan that "arrives" and of that which survives. It is well. Without such aid as it and its kind afford, it would be difficult on occasion, in this age of the commercialism that cries aloud and the greed that is exalted, to remember that the world has a past no less real than its present, and a great deal more picturesque than its probable future. Japan lives according to the lights of the men of old and those of the moment. That is why it is so fascinating. Over the manners and methods of the West is the glamour of the East; behind the bustle of the hour is the tranquillity of the centuries. Many of those who have been caught in the web of wonderment have sought to carry away as much of the fabric as would serve to hold a goodly number of those far removed from the place of its weaving. Mr. Ponting is of the company; and the strands that he has brought over the seas form so potent an attraction that, willy-nilly, thousands must find welcome imprisonment in them: he may be assured that the mesh he has woven out of the fairy threads he has secured is as strong as it is subtle, however lightly he himself may choose to esteem it. It is impossible to deal with the work as a whole. Let us, therefore, exhibit merely some few of the lures, choosing those that are, perhaps, the least familiar.

First shall come the chirruping floors of the Chio-in Temple. "They are made of *keyaki* wood, the boards being loosely nailed down, so that, as one walks over them, they move slightly, and, in rubbing against each other, emit a gentle creaking noise. The sound is very pleasing and so soft and musical as to suggest the twittering of birds. These floors are called by this most poetical of people *uguisu-bari*, or 'nightingale floors.'" No doubt they had their origin in the love of the cicadas, the *seimi* in the pursuit of which so many Japanese youngsters, armed with bamboo poles tipped with birdlime, and careless in the handling of their "weapons," have contrived to blind their fellows. At the Higashi Hongwanji, the largest, and one of the newest and grandest, temples in Japan, is striking evidence of the strength of the foundation on which Japanese Buddhism rests. "The Daishi-do, or Founder's Hall, rears its colossal roof in sweeping curves one hundred and twenty-six feet above the ground; and ninety-six enormous boles cut from *keyaki* trees . . . support it. . . . The women, in thousands, not to be behindhand with the men in bestowing what they could, sheared off their raven locks to be woven into twenty-nine immense hawsers, with which the ponderous pillars and beams were hoisted into place. These cables of human hair—the largest of which is sixteen inches in circumference, and nearly a hundred yards in length—are preserved as relics in the temple." At Lake Hakoné is evidence of the power of Jizo, the guardian of children, in the form of a great bas-relief of the god cut on the face of a wall of rock. "It is the popular belief that when children die they descend into purgatory, and are compelled

by a horrible witch to pile up into cairns the stones of the Saino-Kawara, or 'River-bed of Souls,' the Japanese Styx. This labour is unending, for bands of angry demons, called *Oni*, rise from the river and destroy the heaps, and the terrified children would have to toil for ever rebuilding them, were it not for the gentle, compassionate Jizo. He comes to their help, drives away their tormentors, and hides the little ones in the great sleeves of his kimono. Hence it is that those who pray to Jizo deposit a stone or two about the shrine, as thus they lighten the toil of their dead little ones who have passed away."

While we are writing of children, we may quote a few lines of

Mr. Ponting's as to a scene he witnessed in a hospital at Hiroshima during the Russo-Japanese War—a scene eloquent of the spirit of Japan: "The pupils of a primary school for little Japanese girls visited the principal wards . . . they all courteously bowed several times to the patients on one side, then several times to the patients on the other. . . . The principal lady teacher, in sweet, gentle tones, then quietly addressed the men, telling them how great was the honour that she and her pupils felt to have the privilege of visiting so many gallant soldiers who had helped to gain a glorious victory for Japan. . . . Turning to the little girls, who all stood meekly with eyes upon the ground, the teacher then addressed her charges, reciting briefly the story of the great battle. . . . She continued that it would be a proud moment for their parents when these, their sons, returned to their homes, bearing the honourable scars of war. No woman could have a higher ambition than to be the mother of sons to fight for Japan." Who can wonder that General Kodama took with him everywhere, as his mascot, a doll, a Japanese lady in miniature. Still on children, let us note how it comes about that Japanese children of tender years can run about and play with babies on their backs. "Every child is trained to carry another child from the time it begins to walk. At the age of two it has a large doll tied to its



IN LOTUS LAND: "SUMMER NÉGLIGÉ AT KUMAMOTO."

"Négligé is de rigueur at Kumamoto in summer-time, and when my Japanese companion sat down to dinner that night his sole and only article of apparel consisted of a loin-cloth. I seized the opportunity to record this interesting phase of native custom by taking two flashlight photographs."

Photograph by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., reproduced from his book "In Lotus Land—Japan," by permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan; Copyright by Underwood and Underwood.

back, and the doll is replaced by a larger one later on; thus when baby sister comes along, baby brother of three or four is already broken in for riding, and little sister is lashed to his back, without more ado, the very first time she takes the air."

None who read Mr. Ponting's book is likely to wish him anything worse than that he may always dream of Fuji, falcons, and egg-plants—"The Japanese have a phrase about New Year dreams which runs thus: *Ichi, Fuji; ni-taka; san nasubi*, meaning, 'First, Fuji; secondly, a falcon; thirdly, an egg-plant.' These objects are the most lucky; in the order named. Fuji comes first, because it is the most beautiful natural feature in Japan, and as such, it is an emblem of all that is best in everything. The falcon symbolises straightforwardness and honesty, because it can gaze without flinching at the sun; it is also a token of clean living, as it never feeds on carrion, but kills and devours its prey whilst the blood is warm. The egg-plant is considered a good omen because of its beautiful colour—the colour of an amethyst, a stone which the Japanese greatly admire."

BANK-NOTE WASHING AND IRONING DONE HERE!
A POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE.



THE AMERICANS ARE WASHING THEIR DOLLAR NOTES. WHY SHOULD WE NOT LAUNDER
OUR BANK-NOTES?

The "Telegraph" made the following epoch-making announcement the other day: "Experiments in washing and ironing dollar notes by means of machinery have been successfully made by the Treasury [of the United States], with the result that a laundry for that purpose has been established at Washington. Not alone will germs be destroyed by the laundry, but the life of the bills will be doubled. This reform was greatly needed, because many of the dollar notes circulating in the United States are repulsive to the sight, and dangerous to handle." Our Artist asks why some similar system should not be adopted in this country, and anticipates the event.



A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

THE sunlight of a soft spring morning laughed upon the downs, though the sky, pale-blue and flecked here and there with little clouds, chased by a kittenish breeze, gave some promise of capricious weather. The Professor, however, grasping a large umbrella in one hand, pursued his way with a tranquil and assured step.

He had set out shortly after breakfast to conduct certain investigations into the geological origin of dew-ponds, and his friend, Mrs. Prettywing, the charming widow whose daughter had just succeeded in captivating the volatile heart of the Professor's only son, had agreed to walk on to the downs at twelve o'clock and meet him on his return journey, in order that they might discuss the matter of the young couple's alleged attachment, as it were, in camera.

The Professor, having discovered and examined two dew-ponds, and having falsified to his entire satisfaction several accepted theories on the genesis of these singular phenomena, was now drifting gradually homewards.

The air struck fresh and bracing, and he found himself in an unusually exalted mood. His speculations, as sometimes happens when one walks on the downs on a spring morning, diverged almost insensibly from the physical to the metaphysical; and his thoughts, following a dreamy impulse, soared by degrees into purely abstract regions of inquiry.

He paused presently on the summit of a gentle undulation to wipe his brow with his handkerchief (for the sun was hot), and, inspired by the magic peacefulness of the scene, drew a deep, luxurious breath.

"I think," he murmured, gazing at the figure of a distant shepherd, "I think, therefore I am!" Descartes' proposition, with which he had been all his life familiar, appealed to his fancy at that moment with intoxicating force. He was acutely conscious of the real, objective vitality of his own existence, and revelled in a sudden overwhelming sense of permanence.

"The infinite, immutable 'ego'!" he ejaculated, smiling happily. "And yet there are fools who actually pretend to think that—bless my soul, there's a butterfly!"

Breaking off the thread of his reflections, the Professor instantly started in pursuit of the elusive moth (which was already hovering round a clump of gorse-bushes that crowned the slope a few yards further on) and, with handkerchief extended, charged after it.

So absorbed was he in the excitement of the chase that he did not observe the approach of a tall and elegant lady of middle age, who at the same moment emerged round the bend of the bushes. The Professor was then in the act of flicking at the butterfly with his handkerchief; and, missing it, his foot slipped, and he plunged forward into the arms of Mrs. Prettywing.

"My dear lady!" he gasped, disengaging himself and staring at her in amazement "whoever would have thought of seeing you here!"

Mrs. Prettywing, not entirely unaccustomed to the Professor's amiable little vagaries, merely smiled, pressing his outstretched hand—the one that still clasped the handkerchief.

"You forget that I promised to come and meet you here," she reminded him sweetly. "I saw your figure on the top of the hill from the road, and climbed up.... Isn't it a lovely morning?"

"Ah," murmured the Professor, "so you did—I had forgotten all about it for the moment.... true, true...." He peered anxiously round the gorse, muttering below his breath, "Now where the dickens has the beautiful creature got to?"

"Beautiful creature!" echoed Mrs. Prettywing, catching the words. "Why, what do you mean, Professor? Pray, whom are you looking for?" she demanded with a searching glance.

The Professor started, and suddenly realising the significance of the question and the glance, blushed.

"You are quite mistaken," he hastened to assure her. "Quite. I was referring to a butterfly—a remarkably fine specimen, which has unaccountably disappeared, that's all. I was in the act of pursuing it when—er—we met."

"Oh, is that all?" smiled the lady, pretending relief. "Well, perhaps the disaster may not prove irreparable.... Do you

happen to know where Doris and Archie are? They left the hotel together soon after you did, and have gone for a walk somewhere, I suppose."

"No," said the Professor, "I have not the slightest idea.... By the way, aren't they engaged? I fancy you—or Archie—told me something of the kind...."

"There is talk of it," admitted Mrs. Prettywing, as they strolled on. "In fact, that is the very subject we proposed to discuss this morning—don't you remember?"

"Hum!" said the Professor, knitting his brows; "so we did, so we did. It is a matter that requires very earnest consideration, very earnest indeed. We must not form our decision too hastily, my dear lady. The whole future lives of two young people are more or less at stake.... Let me see, how old is my son Archibald?"

"He is twenty-three," Mrs. Prettywing informed the Professor. "And he has just passed his final examination for a doctor. He ought to do well, I think?"

"Archibald is a clever young fellow," commented the Professor. "Very steady and serious-minded, too. Twenty-three! Dear me! How the time goes, to be sure!.... Why, I remember the day he was born quite well.... They said he was like me."

"There is a likeness," acknowledged Miss Prettywing. "And Doris is nearly twenty. They seem to be very much in love."

"In the spring," murmured the Professor absently, "'a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—' Well, well—what is youth, after all? A purely relative term, I assure you, my dear lady. We are all young. I myself, for instance, never felt so young in my life as I feel to-day. Consider that to a child of ten a man of twenty-five seems a Methuselah; to a man of twenty-five, one of fifty—three, shall we say?—appears quite destitute of the more youthful attributes—"

"Fifty!" she broke in smilingly. "You don't look a day over fifty, my dear Professor.... indeed, I think you look less!"

The Professor regarded the speaker with an approving glance.

"To me," he replied gallantly, "it seems almost incredible that you can be the possessor of a daughter nineteen years old. I could more readily believe you to be sisters—I positively could; speaking entirely without flattery, my dear Mrs. Prettywing, I assure you I could."

"Doris and I have been mistaken for sisters," observed the lady demurely.

"Dear me!" said the Professor. "You don't say so? What a remarkable coincidence, to be sure!"

"But it was when we were both wearing our motor-veils," confessed Mrs. Prettywing conscientiously.... "And don't you think we had better perhaps get back to the subject we decided to discuss?" she added, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"Certainly," agreed the Professor cordially—"certainly. By the way, what was it? For the moment I—"

"Doris and Archie," prompted the lady patiently. "They want to get married."

The Professor pulled himself together, and nodded solemnly.

"Archibald is too simple and inexperienced to realise, I fear, the practical importance of such a step," he commented. "He is, after all, scarcely more than a child; while Doris—"

"Is just the age that I was when I married," put in Mrs. Prettywing demurely.

"Both children—both children!" sighed the Professor with mild concern. "But we must talk it over, my dear lady, and settle the matter for them—yes, it devolves upon us to settle the matter for them.... Ha, I fancy I felt a drop of rain."

He peered anxiously up at the sky and wiped a rain-drop from his nose.

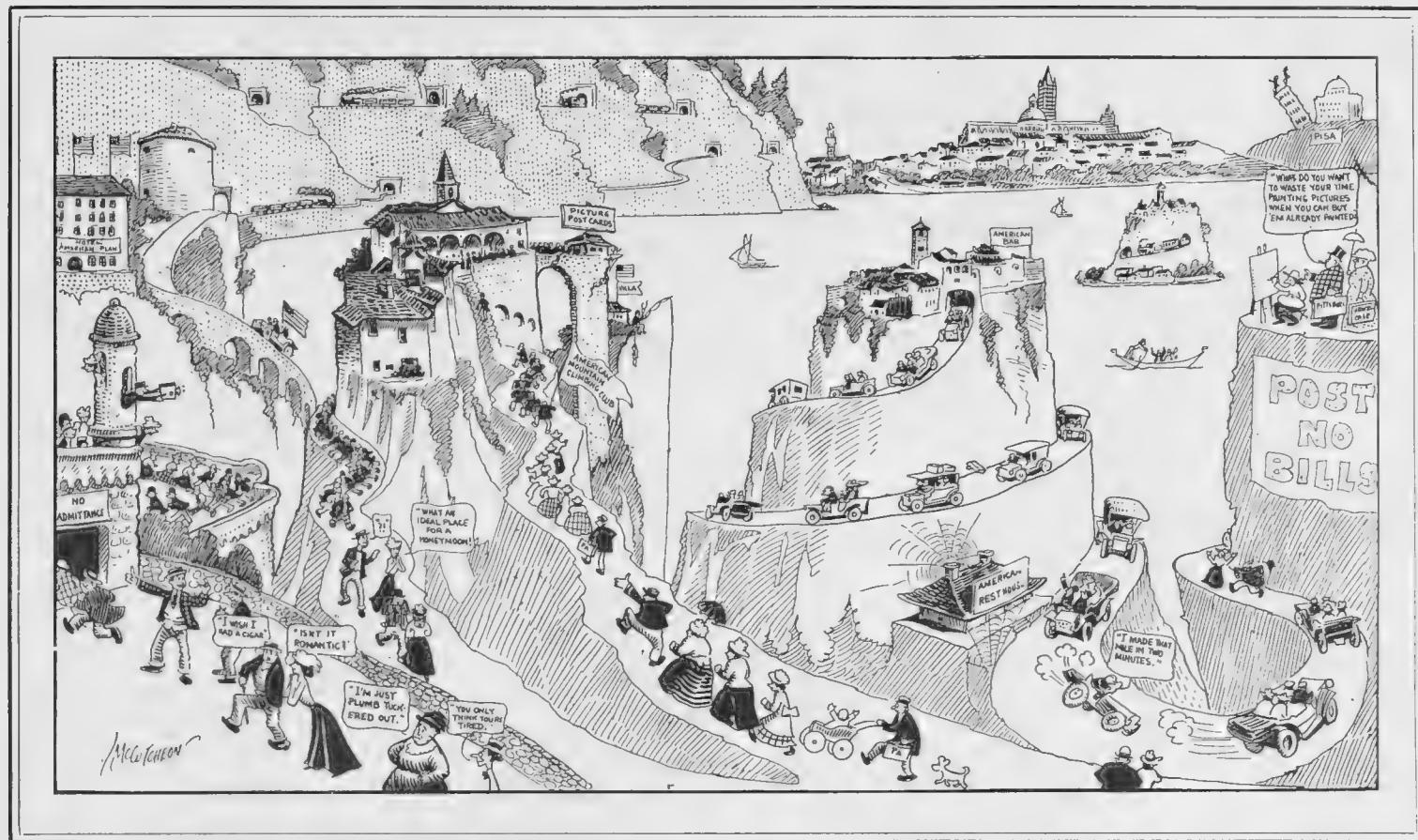
"Only a passing shower," said Mrs. Prettywing, undisturbed. "We can shelter over there." She pointed to a crumbling wall, fringed with a hedge, that marked the remains of an old farmhouse a few yards further on, and towards it they bent their steps while the Professor unfurled his umbrella.

By a curious coincidence, two other people at the same time were

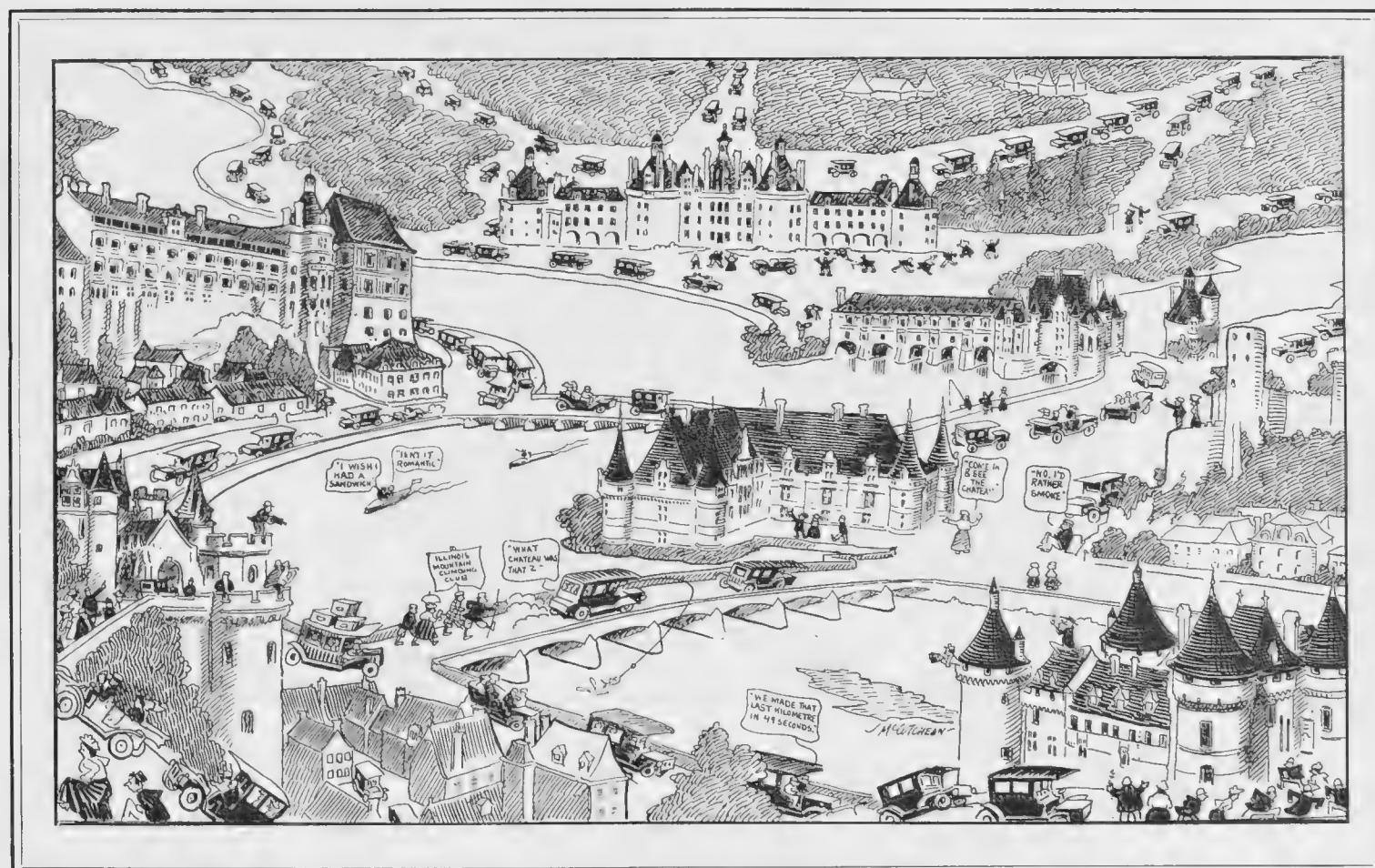
[Continued overleaf.]

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE:

THE COMING OF SADIE AND JONATHAN.



V.—DOING THE ITALIAN LAKES.



VI.—AND THE CHATEAUX OF TOURAIN.

DRAWN BY JOHN P. MCCUTCHEON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN HUMOURIST.

approaching the same spot from the opposite direction, and reached it three minutes earlier. One was a tall and sturdy young man with a round, good-natured, and by no means guileless face; the other, a girl, tall too, and slim and pretty.

"I am rather concerned," the young man was saying, as they strolled along, arm in arm—"I am rather concerned about my good parent. The fact is, Dor, he is a dear old fellow, but as innocent as a babe and quite incapable of looking after himself. I don't know what is to become of him after we are married."

"He must live with us," suggested Miss Doris Prettywing.

Mr. Archibald shook his head. "Impossible," he said firmly.

"Or with—mamma," supplemented the girl, as a happy thought. "Of course, I mean . . . that is, as—well, they must . . ." she broke off with a little blush, and her companion nodded comprehendingly.

"That idea," he remarked, "has already occurred to me. But the difficulty is to bring it to a point. If we could somehow induce your dear mother to propose—"

"Oh," protested Doris, looking very shocked, "how can you suggest such a thing! As if mother would—"

"Well, I'm sure the governor won't," put in Archibald in a tone of conviction. "It would never enter his head. Though, if anyone else were to suggest it to him, I don't think he would have the least objection. . . . And I really believe your mother is a little gone upon the old boy, too— There is no accounting for tastes! Have you noticed it?"

"Yes," admitted Doris grudgingly, "I—have noticed a—a little inclination on Mamma's part to—to—"

"Pursue the Professor?" interpolated Archie kindly. "They have, in fact, gone out for a walk together somewhere this morning, I believe. . . . Well, we must see what we can do—we must talk it over and try and settle the matter for them— Hullo, kid, it's going to rain. . . . Come on, let's make for that wall over there and snuggle down—it's only an April trickle. . . ."

They had scarcely snuggled down beneath the stone rampart, when the Professor and Mrs. Prettywing also reached it from the other side, and the tones of the Professor's voice, raised in a determined command to the lady to share the benefits of his umbrella, smote on his son's ear, and made him start and grip his companion's little gloved hand.

"The Governor!" whispered Archibald hoarsely. "By all that's entomological, it's the governor and your parent! Hush, Dor! Keep a stiff curb on your lips and don't wriggle so! What in the name of science has brought them here, I wonder?"

Doris gave a small gasp and leaned back against Archie's shoulder, gently but firmly impelled there by his restraining arm. "They'll—they'll get wet!" was all she could find to murmur.

"Not they," Archie assured her, in the same tense whisper. "The Governor never goes out without his carriage umbrella. . . . Hush, now; if they discover us, all is lost—"

"This," said the Professor, "seems to be the remains of one of the many old Roman encampments which were once scattered over the Sussex downs—that slab of stone appears dry if you care to sit on it, my dear lady."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Prettywing, taking the proffered seat while the Professor poised himself over her with his umbrella held tent-wise against the edge of the wall. "I don't think the rain will be much—just a passing April shower," she repeated with a little laugh, as she looked up and met the Professor's eye fixed on her with unusual intensity.

"April tears and Mayday smiles!" he murmured vaguely. "Nature renews her youth each year—and Nature is a woman!"

"Really, Professor," exclaimed Mrs. Prettywing, a trifle bewildered, "what are you talking about?"

"I was merely drawing an analogy," he explained, "suggested, my dear lady—if you will permit me to say so—by your agreeable smile. I feel already in a measure compensated for the loss of my butterfly."

"Your butterfly?" She stared, more puzzled than before.

"If you had not interrupted me," the Professor pointed out, "I should have continued my pursuit of it—no doubt with eventual success. The regret, however, was merely transient, I assure you. I cannot imagine why you came here, but I am glad you did."

"We had arranged to discuss something," Mrs. Prettywing again reminded him. "A personal matter."

"Ha!" said the Professor, recapturing a fugitive memory, "something about marriage, wasn't it?"

She nodded an affirmative.

"Well, for my own part, my dear lady," he went on, in a detached tone, "I can conceive no particular objection to the idea. It does not at all repel me. I confess till this moment I had never given the question any serious consideration; but, as I mentioned just now, youth is but a relative term, and should always bear an elastic interpretation. Now, what is *your* opinion? Do you feel disposed to agree with me? May I count upon your consent?"

"My consent seems hardly necessary, does it?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"Quite," contradicted the Professor earnestly. "Quite, if only as a mere formality. I may say that your consent is almost indispensable."

"Then, of course, I give it gladly," replied Mrs. Prettywing. "Indeed, I could have wished for no better husband for Doris—"

"For Doris!" exclaimed the Professor, starting back with a jerk of his umbrella that sent several drops of rain trickling down Archie's neck on the other side of the wall. "For Doris? Bless me, I do not propose to marry *Doris*, my dear Madam! What do you mean?"

It was now Mrs. Prettywing's turn to start, as she glanced quickly up at the Professor and then down again with a heightening colour. "You!" she said in a low tone. "You propose to marry— Why, were—weren't we talking of Doris and Archie?"

"Certainly not," said the Professor blandly. "We were talking of you and me—at least *I* was. The subject was our marriage; you may recollect that you introduced it yourself."

"I?" cried the lady indignantly. "Oh, how *can* you say so, Professor! I never dreamt . . . I—I was referring, of course, to the marriage of your son and Doris—the subject we had agreed to discuss. Surely you remember?"

"I had forgotten all about that long ago," admitted the Professor cheerfully. "I conceived we had settled the matter. However, if you prefer to reopen it—"

"No, no," she hastily interposed. "Let it drop, please. It's scarcely worth discussing."

"It is not," acquiesced the Professor. "And in that case we may return to our later argument—"

"I don't wish to argue," announced Mrs. Prettywing firmly.

"I used the word rhetorically," he explained, "to signify a proposition—"

"It sounded to me like a proposal," objected the lady.

"It was," agreed the Professor. "The rain has stopped, it is getting late, and we must soon be starting home to lunch, for I am conscious of an increasing sense of hunger. . . . So, in a word, my dear lady, will you marry me?"

"In a word—yes!" said Mrs. Prettywing, meeting the Professor's speculative gaze with steady, honest eyes. "You want somebody to look after you, Professor, and—and—mend your clothes—"

"No," said the Professor, bending to the smiling, upturned face; "I want somebody to—love me. . . . Do you think you—"

"This," said Archie, in a suppressed whisper to Doris, "is no place for us; let's wriggle out, or— Good Lord, what on earth! . . ."

"Yes," said Mrs. Prettywing, in a soft voice; but the monosyllable was drowned in a sudden spluttering little sneeze on the other side of the wall.

"I—I couldn't help it," murmured Doris penitently. "A horrid little insect, or something—"

The Professor folded his umbrella and, balancing himself on tiptoe, peered cautiously over the edge of the masonry; Mrs. Prettywing also rose to her feet in slight agitation.

"Somebody sneezed," she said.

"I am under a similar impression," said the Professor, and the next moment looked down into the eyes of his son.

"Hello, dad!" remarked Archibald, confronting his parent's gaze with an unblushing wink. "Thought I recognised your voice—not got wet, I hope?"

"Hum!" said the Professor, ignoring this filial inquiry. "What are you two doing down there?"

"Just wriggled in out of the rain," explained Mr. Archibald, assisting Doris to an upright position. "What are *you* doing?"

"We," replied the Professor with extreme dignity, indicating Mrs. Prettywing's slowly emerging form, "we have been settling the matter of—ah—of your marriage—"

"And," put in Mrs. Prettywing, turning with a little apologetic smile to her daughter, "of ours. Doris, the Professor has just asked me to marry him—"

"Oh, mother," cried the girl, "what ripping fun! I—"

"Fun!" broke in the Professor severely. "On the contrary, it's a very serious matter, I'd have you to—"

But Archie had stepped forward and grasped the Professor's disengaged hand in a vice-like grip. "My dear old dad," exclaimed the young man fervently, "I congratulate you—I do indeed! Why, who on earth would have thought you had it in you to—to propose? It's the very thing Doris and I have been suggesting that you should do, and hanged if you haven't been and gone and done it of your own accord!"

"Yes," admitted the Professor proudly, "it was a—a kind of sudden inspiration—quite unpremeditated, I assure you. I attribute it to something in the air—the buoyant air of spring—"

"When," murmured Mrs. Prettywing, darting a swift sidelong glance at him, "'a young man's fancy—'"

"Turns," said the Professor, suiting the action to the word with surprising gallantry, "turns, my dear lady, to—you! Ah, young indeed," he added, bowing elegantly, "since those sweet eyes have deigned to smile upon him!"

"Ahem!" observed Archie, clearing his throat loudly. "Ahem!—pretty rainbow over the hills there, isn't it?" and he pointed vaguely towards the horizon.

But the Professor paid no heed; his glance was busy elsewhere. . . .

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

WE often read of the heavy bags that fall to the sportsman in August when the earliest grouse are shot, in September when the "little brown bird" is taken, and in the later season when pheasants are driven for the first time; but I doubt

whether the mortality is greater among partridges and pheasants in the later year than it is just now, when the young birds are only just able to fly. It is not only the attack of vermin that does so much to reduce numbers; no satisfactory system has yet been devised for helping partridges to escape from the mowing-machine when the grass and clover hays are ripe. A friend of mine makes a rule of sending one of the smartest lads in his service to walk in front of the horses when the hay is

MRS. HILLYARD.

being cut, and claims to save a few clutches in this fashion; but the grass gets trodden down, and few farmers would be prepared to follow such a practice at the time when the services of every available hand are required. Nor does this method serve to save everything; the mother partridge is apt to crouch upon her eggs when she hears the machine coming. My own practice is to look very carefully along the hedgerows long before the grass is cut, and any nests that may be found are screened with wire while the machine or the scythes are in the field. I also pay a trifle for every clutch saved from the knife. Partridges prefer the banks to the open field, and seem to like the side of a field that meets the open road, presumably that they may be able to dust themselves. This dusting takes place in the very early hours on roads that see some traffic; on unfrquented lanes you may see it at any hour of the day.

Dogs do a great deal of harm at this season. The "useful dog" that accompanies the nondescript countryman is, of course, a professional and perennial poacher on his master's behalf; there is generally a little of the greyhound in his very composite ancestry, and a touch of the fox-terrier, too, and he is taught to go off at a given signal and bring back his spoils of war in very quiet and effective fashion. His procedure is carefully watched by gamekeepers, and at this season many a "useful dog" brings a long career of usefulness to a sudden end and is sent

to sleep for all time in the nearest ditch. Unfortunately, many a well-bred and honestly kept dog goes to sleep for all time in the nearest ditch. Unfortunately, many a well-bred and honestly kept dog goes

use their wings, sailed over the hedge into an oat-field, but two little ones had fallen victims to the dog, and were eaten before the eyes of his distressed mistress, who complained that Jack had never done such a thing before, and that she always took him out on the lead at this time of year that he might not be tempted to chase. The temptation is too great for any dog with a trace of the sporting instinct. Helpless birds, half-grown leverets, baby rabbits—all are abundant; and throughout the length and breadth of the country thousands must be sacrificed towards the end of every June. To make matters worse, a very brief experience among the

young fur-and-feather will make a poacher of quite a decent dog; and one poacher will corrupt all the dogs of his acquaintance. It is a counsel of perfection to suggest that, while game is young and helpless, all dogs should be exercised on a short lead; but it is hard to see how the case can be met in any other way.

In the past week I have, it happens, been called upon to subscribe to the funds of three flower-shows, and there are at least two more applications to come. When, in addition to subscribing, you are requested to act as judge of flowers or fruit or honey, the position is a little more difficult, for who knows what his calls may be on the day when he has promised to drive some miles away to see the exhibits? At the same time, the cottagers' fruit and flower show is an institution that must be preserved and supported, for the work of the farm-labourers who send such laudable exhibits deserves hearty approbation. The labourer's hours on the land are from six o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the afternoon, and the work under the hot sun is most exacting. Only when the day's task is over home and had his tea is he free to

MRS. LAMPLUGH.

MISS B. TULLOCH.

THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: PLAYERS AT WIMBLEDON.

and the labourer has walked attend to his own garden. Now that the light is at its best, I frequently find men at work in their garden after nine o'clock at night, and the most of them must rise at five. When we remember that they are all self-taught; that they contrive to raise enough vegetables from small garden or allotment to keep their families supplied through the winter, and that many rely upon

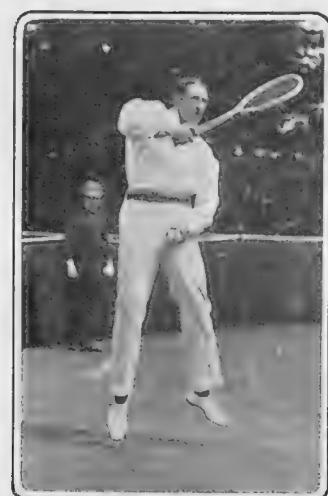
their honey or early chickens for their rent, the practical value of their pleasant task will be recognised. Happily for them, there has been a big demand for early chickens. Even in this remote part, five miles from a railway-station, higglers have been visiting every cottage to swell the supplies that a crowded Metropolis demands.

MARK OVER.

MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO.



MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.



MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE.

astray just now. Only the other day I saw a lady leading a dog on a long cord down a country lane. Within a few yards of me it made a sudden jump into a hedge. A hen-pheasant rose and flew far away; three or four young pheasant-chicks, just able to



SIRDAR NIHAL SINGH.



By HENRY LEACH.

The Odd Side at St. Andrews. There are more things to be seen at a golf championship meeting than seeing the winner win, and how he does it; and those with a taste for the curious may think that some of the others are the most interesting. After all, it is really one of the dullest things in the world watching a man play perfect golf. The better the golf, the poorer is the entertainment. In the best golf of all, the man just hits his ball straight down the course, never being in danger of getting bunkered; is on the putting green in the proper number of strokes, and gets his ball down in the right number, not deriving any gain from luck by holing long putts. In all this there are no excitements, no thrills; and we said so once again at the open championship meeting at St. Andrews last week. I have been to both the championship meetings for several years past, and each season I look forward to them with very keen anticipation; but they tire you very quickly, and I am always exceedingly glad when they are over, especially as one then begins to think of golfing holidays. Of course there is really plenty of variety at a championship meeting, and there was certainly not less at St. Andrews last week than at others previously. There is a time, as I found at last, when even perfection may be thrilling, and it is when it is achieved under what most people would call impossible conditions. On the Tuesday afternoon, James Braid played the most absolutely perfect golf, without a semblance of a flaw in it, up to the turn, taking every hole in just the par figure, neither more nor less; and yet, for most of the time, it was thundering and lightening: one of the most violent thunderstorms that have been seen for a long time in these Fifeshire parts was raging and flooding the links with sheets of water. There was something very magnificent in that. It was a triumph of man fairly comparable to many other great triumphs.

Makers of the ab-Centuries. But in the absence of things of this kind, there is nothing like the complete failure of the mediocrity for tickling the fancy and making gossip at a championship meeting. You generally get one or two of this kind at every meeting—men who are off their games, of which they never had as much as they should have done, off their luck, and full of nerves at the same time. Then they do scores of more than a hundred, and though they are playing for the greatest of all championships, and have paid a gold piece for the privilege and several gold pieces for the travelling and hotel, they play worse—yes, really much worse—than you or I would do. I remember two years ago, at Prestwick, Arnaud Massy (the great Frenchman being

then champion) having to play in partnership with a young gentleman who got sevens and eights—and sometimes more—at the various holes with quite astonishing frequency. And the pity of it was that the great crowd that was out to see Massy watched the youth at it. Now this year at St. Andrews we had a man who really went the whole length in the matter of foozling at a championship, and did it without a crowd watching him, and on a very fine morning, when play was as easy as it could ever be expected to be. What he did was to go out to the turn in fifty-three strokes, and to do the last nine holes in sixty, making 113 for his round. This was for a full round. Of course, in the way of minor excitements, such as making big figures at single holes, there was plenty happening all the time, especially at that hole, which is so famous in golf history for the disasters that it has caused, which goes by the name of the Road hole, being the seventeenth of the round. It has a sunken road on one side of the putting-green, and a big bunker on the other, and men who get into difficulties at it play from one to the other, and then back again, in a manner of perpetuity which some watchers consider almost amusing. Some competitors began to put in nines at it straight away on the first day, an ex-amateur champion doing one of them, a professional who is celebrated for his challenges doing another, and so on. The great Taylor dislikes this hole very much, for it has cost him many strokes, and he approached it so tactically, so carefully and cautiously, in his first round that I really seemed to fancy him hesitatingly trying to stroke it and saying, "Good dog!" soothingly and placatingly.

Pumps on the Green. But, of course,

there were many things more curious than this. Nobody who saw it will ever forget the spectacle that was presented on the opening day of the meeting—when, for the first time in history, the day's play had to be cancelled because of the greens being covered and the holes filled with water—of two players on the first green waiting for nearly half-an-hour in puzzlement as to how they were going to get their balls into a hole which did not exist. And it was really funny to see a Scottish clergyman, the Rev. W. Crawford, draining the water from the green and the hole by means of a small hand-pumping arrangement. This at St. Andrews! And while I ever remember anything of golf, I shall remember young Duncan having a two-yards putt for the record of this great and most historic of courses, and taking only five seconds to think and prepare for it before hitting his ball. He succeeded.



THE SUBMERGED SIXTEENTH. THE SIXTEENTH GREEN AT ST. ANDREWS A LAKELET ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY UNDER DIFFICULTIES: MR. THORBURN PUTTING AT THE SIXTEENTH GREEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. On the first day of the open championship, a great thunderstorm left a number of greens partly under water, and the first, fifteenth, and sixteenth holes almost submerged. It was decided, therefore, to recommence the competition on the following day. On the first day James Braid faced the worst of the storm, and did the round in seventy-six. Coming home, he had to use his mashie on every green but two.

Photographs by Dixon.

and the holes filled with water—of two players on the first green waiting for nearly half-an-hour in puzzlement as to how they were going to get their balls into a hole which did not exist. And it was really funny to see a Scottish clergyman, the Rev. W. Crawford, draining the water from the green and the hole by means of a small hand-pumping arrangement. This at St. Andrews! And while I ever remember anything of golf, I shall remember young Duncan having a two-yards putt for the record of this great and most historic of courses, and taking only five seconds to think and prepare for it before hitting his ball. He succeeded.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

German Trial on
British Soil.

It is not improbable that we may see a portion of the Prince Henry Trophy Trial decided in some part of the British Isles next year. From all one hears and reads, Prince Henry is bitterly disappointed with

that the date of the annual Automobile Show should be altered from November to February. Such a suggestion indicates a lamentable ignorance of the present condition of the industry and the buying habits of agents and the public. As a matter of fact, November is already too late, as many poor wights who ordered cars at Olympia last year have discovered by wearily waiting for deliveries. If the show were relegated to February, the makers would find themselves in even worse condition than they have already been this year, and cars which have been coming through in May—late enough, in all conscience—would not reach their purchasers until July or August. 'Twere wiser far to advance the show to October, if that were possible—which it isn't.

A British aeroplane, with his Avis Monoplane.

The Avis monoplane, which is a most successful cross between a Blériot and a Demoiselle, is constructed for the Scottish Aeroplane Syndicate by Mr. T. Howard Wright, the brother of Mr. Warwick Wright, who is so intimately connected with the well-known Métallurgique cars. But to return to Mr. Boyle.

Mr. Boyle, rising from the aviation ground at Brooklands to a height of some four hundred feet, flew over the country in a circular track as far as Addlestone, and returned to Brooklands over Byfleet, having been about twenty minutes in the air. With regard to Brooklands and its colony of British aviators, motorists and others who are keen on aviation can make sure of witnessing some flying any still evening by visiting Weybridge. Sometimes three or four men are to be seen in the air together.

Dunlop Durability. As soon as summer temperatures obtain, tyre pressures come under discussion. The pressure a weakened tyre has stood during the colder weather becomes fatal when the hot days come. From figures adduced by Mr. Eric W. Walford, of the Warwickshire Automobile Club, in the *Autocar*, the effect of pressures on the life of tyres is emphasised. Mr. Walford has obtained no less than 11,000 miles without re-treading from 810 mm. by 100 mm. Dunlop tyres, used on a 16-20-h.p. car, weighing 21 cwt. He ascribes this mileage to the fact that these tyres were never inflated to more than 60 lb. per square inch, and only at long intervals, so that the average pressure was probably about 50 lb. It is obvious that Dunlop quality must have been a big factor in the result.

[Continued on a later page.]

AN AEROPLANE DESIGNED TO CARRY INSIDE PASSENGERS: THE CRUCIFER — IN SECTION.
The inventor secures stability in a new fashion. In all other aeroplanes the wings and body are held rigidly together. In the crucifer the planes or wings are mounted on a ball-bearing collar, which is fixed to the central body. Thus, if not held in control, the planes can oscillate freely on this collar without imparting their motion to the central body.

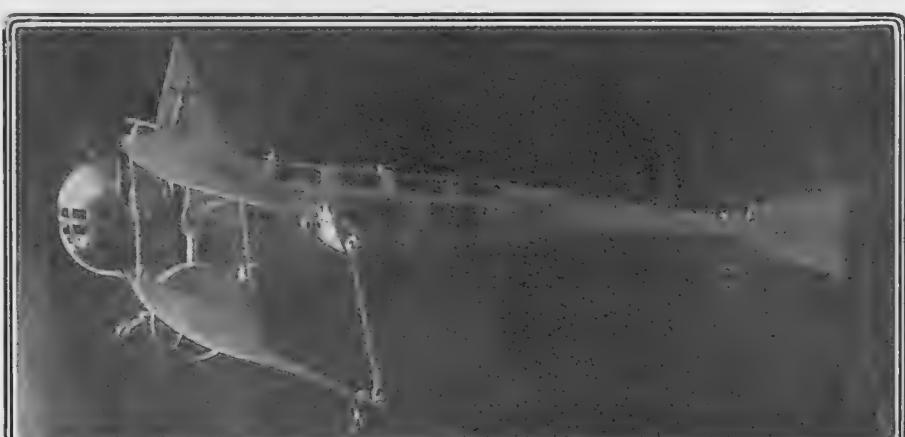
the result of this year's event, which he intended for standard touring-cars only. His Royal Highness had evolved a series of rules which he believed completely and wholly safeguarded the matter, only to find that the German manufacturers construed them to allow bodies of the weirdest and most impracticable character. But the Prince appears to have a veritable rod in pickle for the rule-dodgers next year. He has adopted the conditions and regulations prepared by the Scottish Automobile Club for their abandoned 1910 trial; and the maker who imagines he can discover a shadow of a loophole in these rules will find he has reckoned without due regard to Scotch canniness. The Isle of Man people hope that the Prince will look with favour on their right little, tight little island, and I am sure their House of Keys would pass any sort of Act to secure him.

Water Taxes to be Fought. It will be remembered that the Bradford Corporation, having been worsted at law in an attempt to impose a special charge for water used for washing a motor-car, sought to endow themselves with this power by the insertion of a clause in a Bill which they were about to put before Parliament. Luckily, this did not escape the lynx-eyed attention of the Legal Committee of the Royal Automobile Club, who sought to have the clause amended. Now, this not having been done to the satisfaction of the Committee, a motor representative M.P. is to be asked to put a blocking motion on the paper. In the case, too, of a local authority in the County of Durham who have endeavoured to make a separate charge as above, the Committee have resolved to contest the matter in the police-court, if the motorist concerned complies with certain conditions. It is in such instances as these, which are, unhappily, becoming more frequent every day, that membership of a body like the R.A.C. is found so valuable.

The Show—November or February? A motor journalist, albeit charming in style and always entertaining, but from his untrammelled position prone at times to deal in irresponsibilities, has been trying to persuade the trade and his public



HOW TO TALK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL ON AN AEROPLANE: THE NEW MICROPHONE INVENTED BY CAPTAIN MARCONNET.
The difficulties experienced by a passenger on an aeroplane in speaking to the man at the wheel are obvious. The greatest of all, of course, is caused by the rush of air carrying the sound away from the pilot. Hence the invention of the special microphone illustrated. It will be noted that the mouthpiece used by the passenger is fixed to one of the ear-flaps of the pilot's cap, and that the mouthpiece the pilot uses is fastened to his left shoulder.—[Photograph by Branger.]



AN AEROPLANE DESIGNED TO CARRY INSIDE PASSENGERS: THE CRUCIFER — IN MODEL FORM.
The crucifer, which has just been patented by Mr. L. B. Goldman, has a central body of torpedo shape, and within this the pilot, passengers, engines, and stores will be housed.—[Photograph by R. P. Hearne.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Goodwood. Truly the mills of the gods grind slowly. It is just twelve years since I first agitated in *The Sketch* for an improvement to the cheap ring at Goodwood, and it has come at last. A new covered stand, capable of holding an immense crowd, has been erected on the bank facing the course, while the entire space under the new stand is to be utilised as an up-to-date refreshment-room. There can be no possible doubt about it being necessary to play up to the gallery in these days, and if the Duke of Richmond could only prevail on the railway company to run cheap excursions from London to Singleton and back each day, we should see a bigger crowd at Goodwood than gathers at Ascot each year. The new one-shilling stand, which is further down the course, will undoubtedly prove a great draw. We can now get good refreshments on the course at reasonable prices; and it is now no longer necessary to beg for a drop of cold water, as was the case many years back, when you had to drink soda with your whisky, or nothing.

Business Men. It was not so long ago that we boasted that all the spoils of our aristocratic meetings, like Ascot, were scooped up by our old nobility. A glance at the results of the last meeting will prove that the case is very much altered. Now we find the big prizes going, not to titled people, but in the main to City magnates, who, by-the-bye, run their racing stables on purely business lines. It is a matter to be thankful for that we are able to find the financial magnates willing to take the places of our poor, but honest, landowners. Racing has—as he who runs may read—become more and more of a business, and it is in no unkind spirit that I add it is a good job for the sport that it has, for we now get the spectacle of big City men who are fast friends opposing each other tooth and nail. Victory does not spoil them, while, seemingly, a series of defeats does not depress them. They run the game as they would a parcel of rubber shares—of course always buying for the rise. The sport of kings would be in a very bad way just now were it not for the patronage bestowed on it by the financial millionaires, who, be it added, play the game pluckily, and, as a rule, run their horses out for the majority of their engagements. What is the result? The proportion of runners to entries at the big meetings is much greater now than it has ever been, while the finishes are quite as exciting; and if the betting is not so good, that is because some of our sprigs of nobility have

not sufficient money or credit to go gambling. I think, by-the-bye, that backers have a better chance when dealing with horses trained in stables where the owners bet than when supporting horses the property of non-betting owners.

Jockeys. Following jockeys' mounts consistently does not pay. This has been proved over and over again, and it is more than ever evident in these days of pinched prices. I am told that one or two of our well-known jockeys have been leading fast lives of late. Cards and wine have been responsible for a big alteration in the riding form of these men, and if they do not mend their manners, they are pretty certain to be told to stand down by their employers. Without a doubt, Maher is one of the finest riders in this country at the present time. He keeps himself in good form the year round, and his course of hunting, motoring, and bob-sledding during the winter months is evidently a fine corrective to putting on weight. Maher displays remarkable grasp in his races. He makes himself acquainted with every race-track over which he has to ride—and here, by way of digression, I should mention that the late Major

Clement once told me that every jockey should be compelled to walk the Ascot course before being allowed to ride over it. He contended that if jockeys were made to tramp the new mile, for instance, they would see how severe it was. The late Fred Archer made it an inviolable rule to walk every new course he had to ride over. But to our jockeys. Frank Wootton is riding well, and he has yet a great chance of heading the winning list this year; but it should never be forgotten that he is tied down to ride Lord Derby's horses, good, bad, or indifferent, and he has nothing like the chance of shining that he had last season, when he could pick his mounts. Trigg is a splendid rider over short courses, as he is so sharp out of the slips; but I think he is very fond at times of going to the front too quickly in long-distance events. His weight, 7 st 7 lb., is a very handy one, and it is a remarkable fact that the winners of big handicaps more often hail from among



CZECHS WHO HAVE CHECKED A RUN OF BRITISH VICTORIES: THE BOHEMIAN TEAM WHICH WON THE £200 CHALLENGE SHIELD AT THE NORTHAMPTON INSTITUTE.

The Sokol Czech gymnasts whose portraits are here given came to London specially to compete for the National Physical Recreation Society's International Two Hundred Guinea Challenge Shield. This they won. France was second, Great Britain third. In every previous contest the shield has been won by Great Britain. It may be said that the Sokol movement, which has as its aim physical and mental perfection according to the classic Greek ideal, originated in 1862, and is now common to every Czech community. "Sokol" means "falcon."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau



A MUSHROOM CITY OF UMBRELLAS AT CHANTILLY ON THE DAY OF THE FRENCH DERBY: THE COURSE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE START OF THE RACE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

the seven-stone division than from any other. F. Templeman has, I think, improved very much in his horsemanship of late, and he is certain to get plenty of riding. Fox is a very heady jockey, and a very successful one.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Débutant
Son.

Everyone knows mothers who feel that the girls should have ample freedom to develop themselves and a certain amount of personal

In no manner does the Modern Woman show greater wisdom than in the way she contrives nowadays to keep a gentle hand on her son.

liberty, but that there should be the closest sympathy, companionship, and confidence between parents and their sons. They are not only given the "key of the fields," but are told to consider themselves very much at home in the family mansion, inviting their own friends, both male and female, and generally taking a leading part in all festive affairs. The human boy is a biped who wants, above all, to be amused and interested; and the wise mother knows that if she does

hundreds of university graduates in all the splendour and dignity of cap and gown—all made up a vision which no one who saw it will ever forget. Only one thing spoiled this exhilarating show, and that was a lack of deportment—a failure to march in step. One realised—what foreigners so often criticise in Englishwomen—that one's feminine contemporaries have not yet learned to hold themselves erect and step out, not only straight, but in time. It is much less fatiguing, as soldiers know, to march correctly and in the military manner, and if processions are to be the order of the day in the new Feminine Era, we must see to it that we learn this desirable accomplishment. Yet there was something touching, some hint of feminine weakness, in the visible fatigue of these heroines of the Cause. There were no scoffers on that valiant June 18—a date, by-the-by, which is not without its significance. It may yet prove to be the women's peaceful Battle of Waterloo.

Was Shakespeare
Snobbish?

Mr. Frank Harris, in his brilliant book on the poet, brings the disquieting charge against Shakespeare that he was a pronounced snob.

Certainly he painted kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, young sprigs of nobility and spirited girls of high degree with amazing mastery, but what a wealth of more humble characters has he not created for our amusement! It is true, his people of the lower class are seldom built in the heroic mould, and are more apt to inspire mirth than awe, but that, surely, was owing not only to the feudal spirit of the times, but to the all-pervading influence of the Renaissance. The cultivated Greeks looked upon the lower classes as beings apart, and so did the nobles, and the people who catered for them, in Elizabethan England. It is only now, in the twentieth century, that we English have become, in every class of society, a truly democratic people. Only to-day could the charge of snobbishness be brought against our greatest dramatist because he portrayed Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth, Rosalind and Juliet, rather than kitchen-wenches, as did the Goncourts, potboys and thieves, like Dickens, or the rank and file of the Army, like Rudyard Kipling. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare belonged to his time, and was no more snobbish than Sophocles or Goethe, than Montaigne or Bacon.



[Copyright.]

FOR WEAR AT THE MOMENT: A LARGE HAT
TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH-PLUMES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

not provide suitable excitement for mind and body, it will inevitably be offered her son in less desirable surroundings. Thus the custom has arisen—it is true it is a recent one—of "bringing out" the sons and presenting them to Society, just as the daughters of the house make a more or less dazzling début. The ball for a boy's first appearance is now a recognised thing, and excites little comment, though we can imagine the hero of the occasion goes through agonies of apprehension and tumults of emotion which his calmer and less self-conscious sister never feels. The importance of keeping in touch with the young generation is one which is felt by all classes nowadays, and now that mothers are not much older than their sons, there is no mental and physical abyss to be bridged

**Cigarettes and
Chauffeurs.** The doughty woman who recently wrote to the papers on the drawbacks of smoking-chauffeurs did a public service. Nothing can be more absurd than that an official who is employed by the public on a highly dangerous task should be allowed to puff cigarettes or pipes while he is actually about it. If the hired taxi-cab driver is to be allowed to smoke when he ought to be raising his disengaged hand to warn traffic, why should not the point-policeman, the engine-driver of the Continental express, the lift-man in the tube, and various other male persons who represent modern activities? Apart from the fact that when you have hired a cab it is disagreeable to have sparks and tobacco-smoke blowing into your face and on to your clothes, the whole proceeding is slack and unbusiness-like. What would be said of a woman who undertook to drive a taxi and insisted on drinking tea as she went along? Smoking does not belong to work, and I hope Mr. Winston Churchill will reconsider his decision as to cigarettes and chauffeurs.

**A Gay
Procession.** Nothing could have been more attractive as a spectacle than the vast procession of women—containing many white-haired veterans, but with innumerable girls of all ages—who marched to the Albert Hall the other evening and provided London with a new emotion. White gowns and sheaves of flowers, gay yellow pennants and sumptuously decorated motor-cars and victorias, a superfluity of martial music, pretty actresses in summer frocks, their arms full of pink roses, and



[Copyright.]

A SMART SATIN MANTLE, DRAWN AT MESSRS.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 252-264, REGENT STREET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

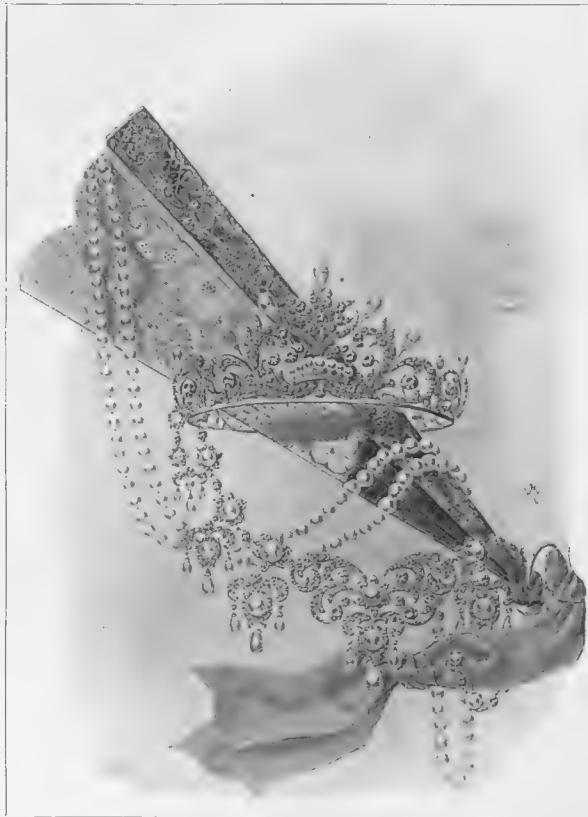
Wedding
Garments.

There was every opportunity last week for a study of half-mourning fashions. All the smartest women in Anglo-American society were attending the weddings of their friends. Never have I seen them look handsomer, never have the gowns looked more graceful and charming. The costumes proved conclusively that half-mourning tints are as becoming to American and British ladies as black. How well they looked in that was a subject of general remark. The materials are lovely and so varied; a silk crépon such as was worn by the Marchioness of Graham hangs delightfully, and looks rich as well as soft. Silken muslins are lovely, in a dress of white. Lady Helen Vincent was looking most beautiful; she wore a black hat with many black ospreys, and her dress was elaborately embroidered in soft silk round the hem and on the bodice. There was a neat little satin sash fastening at the back with two dull gold tassels. Dainty Lady Wicklow wore a grey fancy-silk gown with a tiny pattern of black; and the Marchioness of Tweeddale had on a coat and skirt of shot mauve and grey tussore, with a small sprig of black in it, which was very effective.

Colours Again. Effective and delightful as the mourning and half-mourning costumes have proved, we contemplate the change this week to colour with pleasure. Doubtless the smarter people will not wear it just yet, but those quite unconnected with Court circles, and all our foreign visitors, will get into colour at once. The sales will afford unprecedented opportunities this year, and it will be with much pleasurable anticipation that ladies are thronging to that of Peter Robinson, Regent Street, which opened on Monday, and where there is such remarkable value for money. Coloured tussore and crepoline frocks, and the same style in cashmere, at 89s. 6d., will command a ready sale. Coats and skirts in serge or frieze, the coat lined with silk, for two guineas, are extraordinary value. A long black-satin or fancy foulard dust-cloak for 47s. 6d. is a bargain; smart feather boas for a guinea, girls' frocks, blouses of all kinds, knitted coats, charming millinery, and everything most desirable and becoming, at the easiest of prices, are obtainable at this genuine and important sale.

English for the English. Why we should wrestle with Russian chickens, and eat stale eggs, and pretend we like German bacon, because they are pressed upon us by British shopkeepers, is a puzzle. A project started by Abbot Brothers, the well-known Norfolk poultry-breeders, who have their dépôt at 22, Panton Street, is deserving of all support. It is to collect produce in the home counties and convey it to a central dépôt in London free of expense to the producer. English farmers have neglected poultry because tradespeople have found it so easy to palm off foreign birds as English. To ensure that nothing of this kind can occur under the auspices of the above scheme, every article will be branded "Abbot Brothers." Arrangements have already been made with as many farms and small holdings as possible for regular daily supplies of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea-fowls, eggs, and butter. According to the season various game will be supplied. The very important matter of interchange of birds in poultry-breeding for the table will be ensured, and every farmer and small-holder who makes this all-British dépôt his market will have the advantage of the founder's great experience in the correct manner of treating birds. It is rather startling to find that at least 50 per cent. of the birds sold as English are foreign. We all know when we meet a tough one, but we ought to know that it is a Rooshian, a Norse, or e'en a Prooshian, but not an English fowl. Two thousand birds were dealt with on the day of opening.

Fun and Money. This is quite as fascinating and as lucrative, too, as spotting the winner. In fact, if you spot the beauty successfully you are a winner. It is a competition started by the Erasmic Soap Company. If you apply to your chemist for particulars he will supply them, and you will have a most fascinating occupation and a chance of winning prizes of £100, £50, £25, or £10. The company is offering in all £500 in cash prizes.



A CHARMING AND STYLISH DIAMOND-AND-PEARL CROWN,
A DIAMOND-AND-PEARL NECKLACE, AND A ROPE OF
PEARLS—BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

To the Dogs.

There was a pilgrimage in this direction last Thursday, when the Pekin Palace Dog Association held their third annual show in the Royal Botanical Gardens. Unfortunately, the floods descended at lunch-time, and prevented the attendance being so large and smart as it would have been. Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, looking very pretty and neat in a short black skirt and long, semi-transparent, black embroidered coat and a neat toque, judged untiringly and most patiently, with some assistance from Mrs. P. Hunloke, who wore a grey-linen dress. Among the exhibitors were Lady Binning (who showed her own dogs), wearing a soft satin coat and skirt and a black hat trimmed with purple tulle. Princess Toussoun, an American, who married a relative of the Khedive, showed hers; attired very smartly in mauve, and wearing a purple hat trimmed with shaded tulips in the same colour. The Marchioness of Tweeddale was there, Lady Ebury, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, Blanche Countess of Rosslyn, Miss Ivy Gordon Lennox, Mrs. Adrian Rose, Mrs. George Milner, and many more admirers of the lion-headed "Pek."

New Frocks for
Old.

There are some things, among them statements, that won't wash. The ajoineed will, however, if things that are grease-stained, time-soiled, mud-spotted, are sent to be dry-cleaned in the scientific way that has abundantly proved its value—that practised by the firm of Achille Serre, of White Post Lane, Hackney Wick. Their interesting booklets, "The Art of Cleaning and Dyeing," for women, and "Clothes and the Man," for men, are well worth reading, and they will be sent free to anyone who writes for them. They treat old laces and valuable fabrics of all kinds. In the booklets it is shown why their method has gained such great popularity.

What is the Y.S.C.? The Y.M.C.A. we know, and those of us who once were good may on occasion have visited Exeter Hall. But Y.S.C.? Yet it is very simple. The three phonetically associated letters stand for the "Yorkshire Steel Company," who have produced a safety "Razor de Luxe" of a new, ingeniously simple design, which shaves you, it claims, quicker than any other, and requires no stropping or setting. Four minutes saved a day—arithmeticians tell us—equal two hours a month—or, to be practical, time for another egg or another rasher for the hungry City man of a morning ere he makes his sprint up the road, bag in hand, to catch the Daily Bread train to town.

Our old "heart of oak" men-of-war have mostly passed away, but some remain, and one after the other come into the hands of the Admiralty shipbreakers, Messrs. Castle, Ltd., of Baltic Wharf, Millbank, to be made into handsome and durable objects of

everyday use on land—"Dreadnought" tables and chairs, comfortable garden-seats, summer-houses, and gates, or fire-logs of the best. The catalogue—post free—is worth sending for.

The heat-wave reported from Western Canada is practically confined to the southern parts of Alberta and Manitoba and South-West Saskatchewan. The territory served by the Canadian Northern Railways system is outside its limits, and the crop prospects are favourable in all respects, reports showing abundant moisture and growth.

Cornwall's foremost place as a popular summer-time playground has long been recognised, and already the exodus westward has begun, promising a record year all round the coast—from Looe and Fowey to the Lizard, Penzance, St. Ives, and northward to glorious Newquay. The Great Western Railway programme of excursion, tourist, and week-end trips can be had post free from Mr. J. Morris, of Paddington Station, also "The Cornish Riviera" (6d.) and "Holiday Haunts in the West of England" (2d.)—encyclopaedias of allurements.

"The Mexican Year-Book for 1909-10" (second issue for the year) runs to seven hundred pages, mostly of close-set print, packed with facts and statistics for all who want trustworthy and up-to-date information, compiled from official and authentic records, as to investments and the resources of the Republic. In addition to "Blue Book" intelligence of Government departments and organisation—personnel, population, area, and the physical conditions (and twenty-four good maps)—there are exhaustive figures as to banking returns, commerce, agriculture, stock-raising, manufactures and mining, and port, customs, and excise dues and duties. It is published by McCorquodale and Co., Ltd., 40, Coleman Street, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

THE GENERAL POSITION.

THE Bank Return was a very strong one, with the reserve standing at £33,857,758, against £29,931,489 a year ago, and some disappointment was felt at the minimum not being put down to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The markets, on the whole, have been quietly cheerful, with Consols a good spot. It is said that scarcity of stock rather than any other cause has produced the late rise in price, for, with the Sinking Fund in abeyance, it is hard to see any logical reason for the improvement.

The effect of the rumours which have of late been in circulation as to the probability of internal troubles in Mexico has had the effect of checking speculation in Mexican Rails, and is an object-lesson of the extreme sensitiveness of the markets in the securities of even the best Spanish-American States.

By-the-bye, readers who are always on the look-out for cheap and improving investments might do worse than buy themselves a few Series C of the Chilian Trans-Andine 5 per cent. Debentures at about 95 $\frac{1}{2}$. The bonds, in addition to having a first charge on the Chilian part of the Trans-Andine Railway, are absolutely guaranteed for twenty years by the Chilian Government; there is a coupon of about 16s. 6d. payable on July 1; and, compared with the price of ordinary Chilian stock, there is scope for a three or four per cent. rise; meanwhile the investment will return 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., which in these days is not a bad yield. It is Latin American, of course, but not much the worse for that, in our opinion.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

For the first time in its history, the Stock Exchange has received official recognition in the list of Birthday Honours, and Colonel Robert William Inglis becomes a Knight. (Report says that he declined a proffered baronetcy.) Were any member of the Stock Exchange asked to name the most popular man in the House, he would without hesitation say Sir Robert William Inglis, though to outsiders he may perhaps be comparatively little known, numbering modesty amongst his many sportsmanlike qualities. In manner somewhat bluff and impetuous, his indignation with what is sordid and contemptible will ever be remembered in connection with a certain "rig" of some years back. Colonel Inglis's determination to save an innocent fellow-member, if possible, from the snares of an iniquitous plot led him into a technical breach of Stock Exchange Rules, and he offered to resign the chairmanship. But, of course, the House was not going to accept any such a thing, and now it is honoured in the title bestowed upon its so popular head.

CANADIAN LABOUR TROUBLES.

To a greatly flourishing corporation like the Canadian Pacific Railway, an increase of wages to its men may not mean anything serious, although, of course, such an advance as is at present suggested must make a decided hole in net earnings. It would seem, however, that the demand on the part of the employés was not wholly unexpected by the Board, and probably the directors can find some way to distribute an extra burden in wages in such manner as to prevent interference with the dividend declaration. On the Grand Trunk the trouble assumes a magnified aspect, not only because the increase which the men want is double that for which the Canadian Pacific employés are striving, but also because the Grand Trunk's finances are not able to stand, without somebody suffering, say an additional fifty thousand pounds' payment in wages. As we write, the outlook is confused and perplexing, and the best authorities in the market confess that nobody can tell what the upshot is likely to be. Only it is tolerably certain that the men will get an increase; the crucial point is, How much?

AMERICAN RAILS AND THE COST OF LIVING.

Amongst the reasons for the pining of American Railroad directors to advance freight rates, one of the most prominent is that the cost of everything tends so persistently to increase that the margin of profit earned no more than half a decade ago is fined away to something infinitesimal under the old scale of rates. The American working-man is forced to demand more money in order to live, and the railroads find themselves compelled to acknowledge the irresistible justice of the argument in favour of a living—that is, an increased—wage. It is these economic forces that will control the Yankee Market for some time to come. Traffics are reasonably good, taking them all round, and there is no obvious reason why United States trade should not continue to expand. But the cost of living has increased beyond proportion to the country's prosperity, and the unsettlement of the outlook is enough to scare a good many people away from the market, in spite of attractions which are emphasised by the growing cheapness of money.

KAFFIR CROSS-CURRENTS.

The batch of dividends announced in the Kaffir Circus this month is of curiously mixed character, and it cannot be said that the distributions are, on the whole, much of a bull point for the

market. Nevertheless, there is a rather better tone about prices, and the underlying firmness is apparent to those who come into daily contact with the conditions ruling amongst Kaffirs proper. While no definite traditions govern the course of quotations, an early autumn rise is quite a usual thing in this department. Big houses take advantage of summer somnolence in order to push prices up, preparatory to making the market livelier when the end of the holiday season brings the public back to work and speculation. There is an utter absence of business at the present time, but in certain circumstances this is a state of market which may even favour the chances of a general recovery brought about by those controlling the prices.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Two blacks," ordered the broker, as he and Our Stroller dropped on to the lounge after lunch.

"Right, Sir," said John, hurrying away to fetch the coffee.

"What's the matter with Great Boulders?" asked our friend. "I know a man in our place who has five hundred, and the fall has rather frightened him."

"Here's the authority," said the broker, turning to another man sitting by one of the tables. He knows all there is to tell about Boulders, and a little more as well."

"There is not really very much to say," replied the expert referred to. "The Great Boulder Company is working on one of the rather poorer patches, such as it has come across before, and—"

"My friend seems uneasy about his dividends," interrupted Our Stroller.

"I was about to say that it is on the cards the dividend may be reduced from ninepence a quarter to sixpence for a time. I think that will be the full extent of any present calamity."

"There may be nothing much to come after the poor patch is worked through," objected a jobber.

"Conceivably. But you've got to bear in mind that the Great Boulder could shut up to-morrow, and return fifteen or sixteen shillings a share out of the ore developed and in sight."

"You mean if the mine were to cease developing?"

"Yes, of course. If you buy Boulders at a pound or a guinea you are giving about five shillings for the prospects of what has been, and may still be, one of the richest mines in the world."

"The Mining Markets look a little more cheerful all round," said Our Stroller's broker. "This rise in De Beers and Rhodesians has done us a bit of good, after all."

"Will the firmness last?" asked Our Stroller.

"With luck," answered a judicious jobber, "it might last—for, say, half an hour."

"Can't expect to be busy in the summer-time," remarked another man, as he lit a cigar. "I'm not going back for an hour, anyway. Afterwards, if I feel in a good temper I shall go and buy myself a few Chartered."

"What in the wide world for?"

"Oh, to play golf with, or to light pipes, or—"

"Don't attempt facetiousness, old man, whatever you do. It puts one in mind of a hippopotamus trying to make a pun."

"What about these Rhodesians?" inquired the Westralian authority. "Is there anything in it this time, or is it one of the regular rumps?"

"After all the money I've lost over Kaffirs and Rhodesians it's enough to make any man swear that everything's a ramp," put in a newcomer.

But Our Stroller's broker thought there actually was a little more than usual behind the present movement. "Not public business, though," he added. "The public are doing nothing."

Our Stroller and his broker drifted into Throgmorton Street, where was the ordinary motley collection of men such as assembles on every working day except Saturday. The broker said he had a transfer appointment at the Bank, so our friend was left to himself for five minutes.

"Done for, as a speculative market, for the time being," he overheard one man tell another. "But in the autumn we shall probably see a fresh outbreak of enthusiasm."

"In the penny-a-packet shares too?"

"Doubtful, very. I fancy the public have got rather badly hipped over some of those things, and the lesson won't be forgotten just yet."

"Then what—"

"The producing Companies' shares. I honestly believe we are to have a big movement later on in all the good things."

"Would you buy shares now?"

"Why not, if you're prepared to pay for them, and await developments?"

"You don't think they'll go lower?"

"My dear old chap, how can I possibly tell? There may be a set-back; but later, I tell you, we shall see them jolly good again. So—"

"I bought myself a few Middy Deferred and mixed Dover 'A' with 'em," Our Stroller heard from another direction.

"Can't see the attraction in Home Rails," declared his confidant.

"There's cheap money, there's good trade, and there are the coming dividends—"

"On Doras?"

Both men laughed. "I cannot see," said the bull, "what's to stop a rise in Home Rails."

"Aviation," suggested the other; and again they laughed.

"Lack of business will counteract all your good points," pursued the objector. "And there isn't an ounce of public about the market. You know that well enough yourself."

"I know it all too well. All the same, I can't help thinking that we shall see a public buying Home Rails, too. And that before long."

"Seeing is believing," replied the other. "Here, boy! what's won the last race?"

The boy told him, and received twopence.

"Jove!" said the other man. "Like that, is it? Where shall we go?"

Our Stroller was anxious to pick up any hints he could respecting West Africans; and, much to his delight, he happened to saunter past a group of men discussing some of the principal propositions.

"These producing mines will do all right when the market's ripe for good news," said one. "It is kept back for use at the proper time. The West African boom got jangled by the Rubber excitement. Now that's over—"

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated a broker fervently.

"West Africans may resume the broken tenour of their way, and all once more be well."

"Then you wouldn't sell Jungle things?"

"No fear! Hold them for another three or six months any way, and you will come home hands down."

Saturday, June 25, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

P. H. S.—We have for obvious reasons made it a rule not to give any information as to, or refer to, the shares of the Company. It would hardly be seemly to puff them, while any other course might be misunderstood.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—The mine is probably the finest in the world, and this is, we know, "Q's" opinion. You need not be alarmed at the fluctuation in price, although you bought at the highest, which would capitalise the property at £5,000,000. The ore reserves amount to about 1,400,000 tons, valued at over £3,000,000. The shares might be averaged.

COPPER.—(1) The shares are fully paid. (2) Would rather not give an opinion. Should not buy now, at any rate.

J. W. F.—The Rubber is a wild-cat, and should be sold at any price if you

can. The Premium Bonds are quite saleable. Write to N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, for the market price. We think the Congo Bonds are worth about £4, and the Panama Bonds £5 16s.; but we have not the latest price at hand.

F. M. S.—The Company is a good one, and the estimated dividends are—37 per cent., 1910; 61 per cent., 1911; 75 per cent., 1912. The capitalisation, worked out at the par price of shares, is £44 an acre.

BANANA.—(1) It is a speculation, and the price of tin very uncertain. (2) Hold.

TRURO.—We only gave the tip as a spec. If you can pay for your purchase and hold till the autumn you might average. The shares have been a market tip.

THE KANSAS CITY, MEXICO, AND ORIENT RAILWAY COMPANY.

We see that Parr's Bank, Ltd., and Messrs. Boulton Brothers and Co. are offering 5,000,000 dols. First Mortgage 4 per cent. Fifty Year Gold bonds at 84 per cent., on behalf of this Company, and that the allottees of each 1000 dols. bond will be entitled to receive with the definitive bond, option certificates representing a call till June 1, 1913, of three fully paid Preferred shares of 100 dols. each, at 40 per cent. of face value, and three fully paid Common shares at 25 per cent. of the face value.

The bonds are identical with those now quoted here, and form part of an authorised issue, not to exceed 22,500 dols. per mile, with an additional 2,500,000 dols. for heavy work in the mountains. They are secured by a first charge on the whole assets of the Railway. When complete the line will extend from Kansas City to Topolobampo, in Mexico, and from Kansas City to Del Rio on the Rio Grande River—a distance in all of 1819 miles. The Construction Company which is building the line will pay the interest on the bonds now offered up to and including the coupon falling due on Aug. 1, 1912. Already 876 miles of the system is in operation, and as soon as completed to Del Rio on the one hand and Chihuahua on the other, it is estimated that the net earnings will be not less than 2000 dols. a mile, or more than twice the sum necessary to pay the interest on all bonds.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket, I like these: Duke of Cambridge Handicap, Perrier; Soham Plate, Double Fortune; Stud Produce Stakes, Sandal; Exeter Stakes, Borrow; Princess of Wales's Stakes, Red Sea; July Cup, Glenesky; Fulbourne Stakes, Night Rider. At Worcester, Anatto may win the Midsummer Plate and Arcadic the Worcestershire Handicap. At Alexandra Park, Darraido may win the London Cup; Icy Cup, the July Handicap; Marajax, the Islington Welter; and Adana, the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate.

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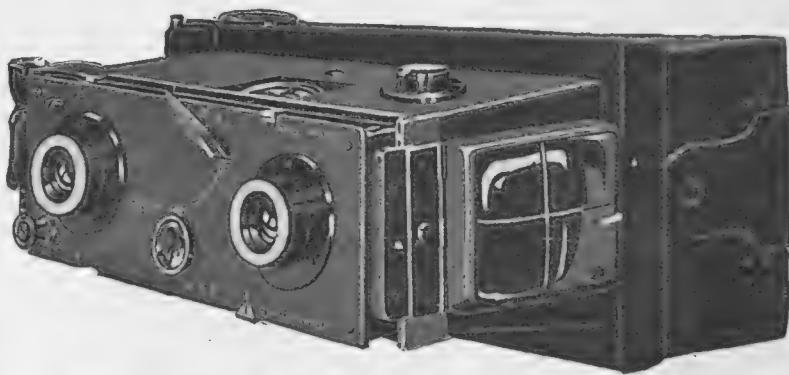
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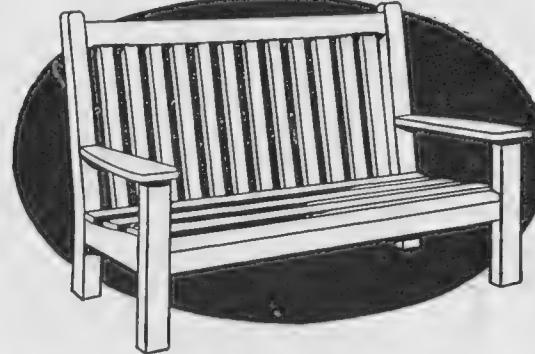
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The Clocked Stocking—Proper	PAGE 389
Motley Notes	390
The Seven New Peeresses	391
The Open Golf Championship	392
The Camera as Recorder	393
The Clubman	395
Johnson-Jeffries	395
Cuff Comments	396
Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Grahame-White	397
Small Talk—Miss Mary Katherine Lindley	398
The Hon. Robert Bruce	398
Miss Amy Violet Montague	398
Mr. George Charlton Anne	398
Mr. George P. Jacob Hood	398
Mrs. Jacob Hood	398
Mlle. Suzanne Fan	399
Crowns, Coronets, and Courtiers	400
Miss Helen Agnes Post—Mrs. Stuart Knill	400
Mr. Francis Geoffrey Pearson	400
Lieutenant Stuart Knill	400
Our Wonderful World	401
The Stage from the Stalls	402
Miss Olga Morra	402
Miss Gwendoline Brogden and Mr. Basil S. Foster	402
Mr. F. R. Benson	403
Star Turns—Mr. Franco Piper	404
Front Seats	405
Fore!	406
What It Feels Like	407
The Literary Lounger	408
Bank-Note Washing and Ironing Done Here	409
A Novel in a Nutshell: "A Young Man's Fancy"	410
The American Invasion of Europe	412
The County Gentleman	413
The Lawn Tennis Championships	413
Concerning New Novels	419, 420
On the Links—The Submerged Sixteenth	414
Championship—Playing Under Difficulties	414
The Wheel and Wing	415
The Crucifer	415
The New Microphone	415
Cracks of the Whip	416
Czechs who have Checked a Run of British Victories	416
At Chantilly on the Day of the French Derby	416
Woman's Ways	417
The Woman-About-Town	418
City Notes	419, 420
Wheel and Wing (continued)	xii

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CONTENTS.

Mr. F. R. Benson	403
Star Turns—Mr. Franco Piper	404
Front Seats	405
Fore!	406
What It Feels Like	407
The Literary Lounger	408
Bank-Note Washing and Ironing Done Here	409
A Novel in a Nutshell: "A Young Man's Fancy"	410
The American Invasion of Europe	412
The County Gentleman	413
The Lawn Tennis Championships	413
Concerning New Novels	419, 420
On the Links—The Submerged Sixteenth	414
Championship—Playing Under Difficulties	414
The Wheel and Wing	415
The Crucifer	415
The New Microphone	415
Cracks of the Whip	416
Czechs who have Checked a Run of British Victories	416
At Chantilly on the Day of the French Derby	416
Woman's Ways	417
The Woman-About-Town	418
City Notes	419, 420
Wheel and Wing (continued)	xii

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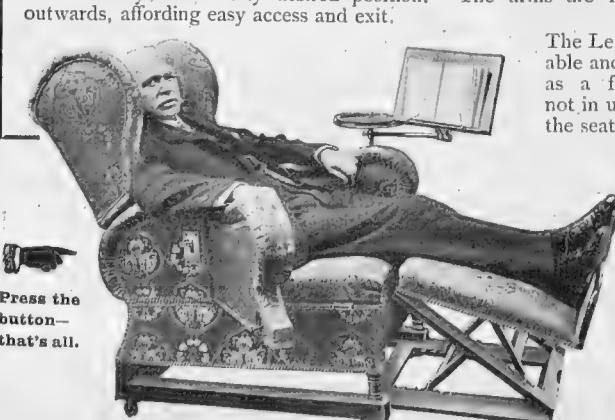
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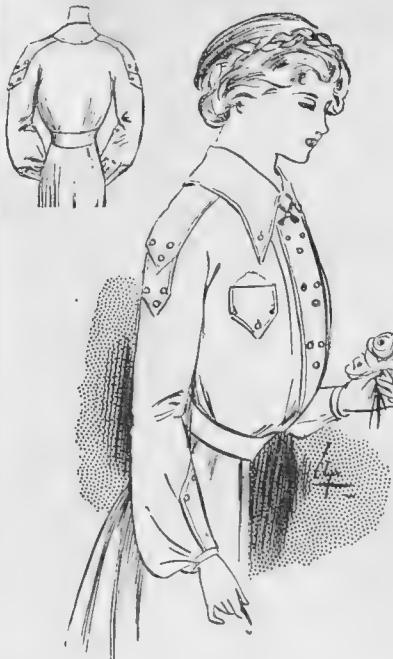
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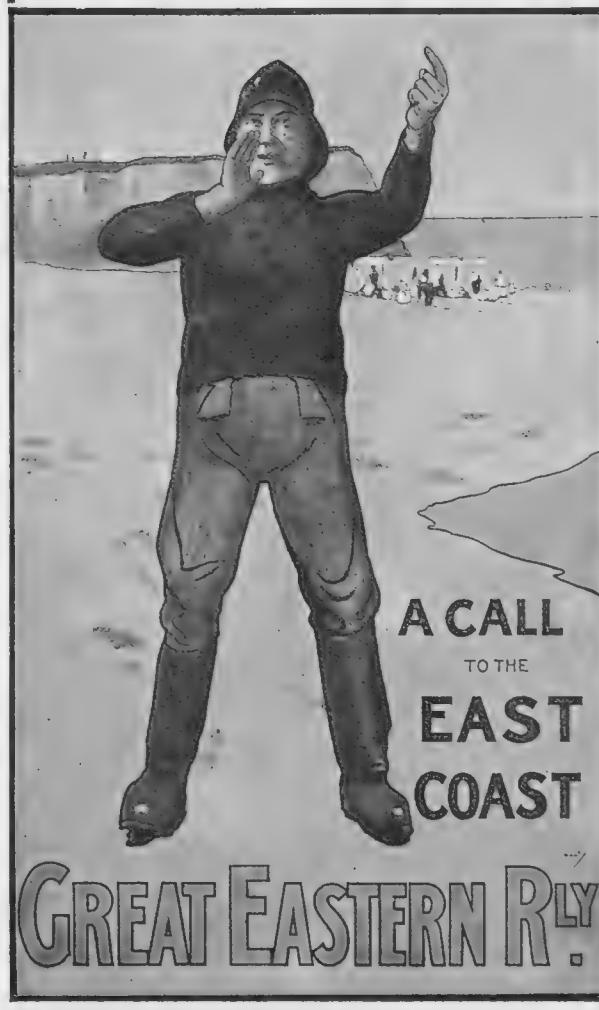
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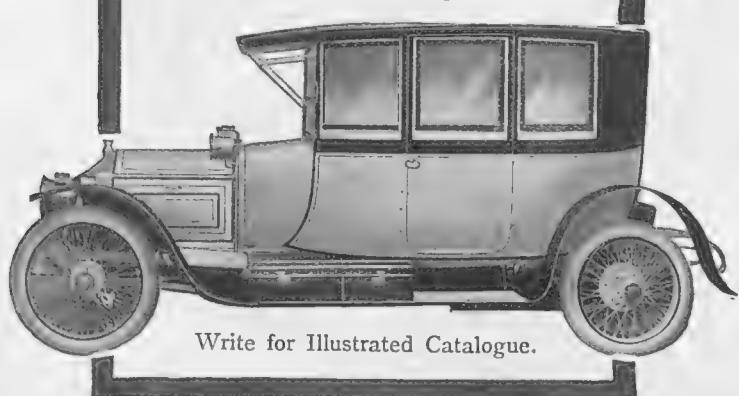


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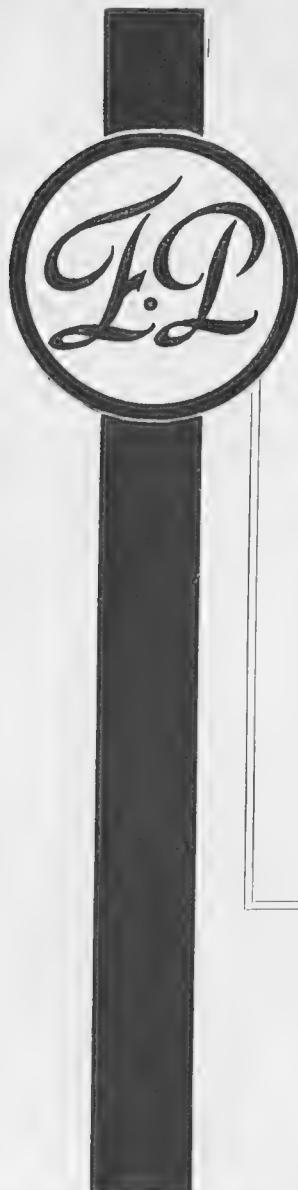
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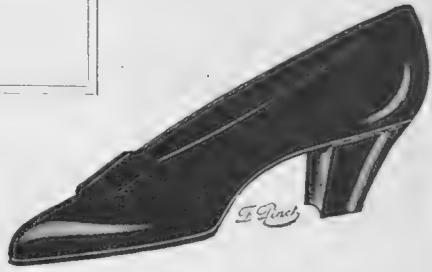


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EMBROIDERED LINEN BEDSPREADS. 2½ x 3 yards ... from 16/6 each.

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LINEN TOWELS. Hemstitched, Heavy Huckaback, assorted patterns, 14/0 offered at 10/9 dozen. Usual price 13/6 to 17/6 per doz.

HEMSTITCHED PILLOW CASES. Linen. For this quality an undoubted Bargain at 4/9 per pair.

HANDKERchiefs, for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, being surplus stock and odd lots, offered at exceptionally Low Prices.

SHIRTS and COLLARS in our well-known makes at reduced prices.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE LIST SENT POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD. 40, G., Donegall Place, BELFAST

Also LONDON & LIVERPOOL.



Tecla's Reconstructed Gems

Tecla's Reconstructed Rubies

Prof. Duncan in October
“Harper’s”:

“It remains now only to send them to the gem cutters, whence they return as ruby gems which in glowing beauty of colour, refractive index, hardness, durability and chemical composition, are identical with the natural ruby of the mine.”

Tecla, of 10 Rue de la Paix, Paris, have opened a branch at 30 Old Bond Street, London, in order to show Professor Tecla's latest success—

PEARLS

and to make them as well and favourably known as his Reconstructed Rubies, Emeralds and Sapphires.

LONDON
30 Old Bond Street.

TECLA

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix.

No other Branches or Agents.

No SOAP ~ NO BRUSH ~ NO CUP
*You will find shaving a luxury
if you use*

EUX-E-SIS

A delicate demulcent cream which softens the hardest beard and enables you to shave in half the time with twice the comfort. It leaves the skin smooth, soft, and free from irritation.

EUX-E-SIS and a razor—that's all!

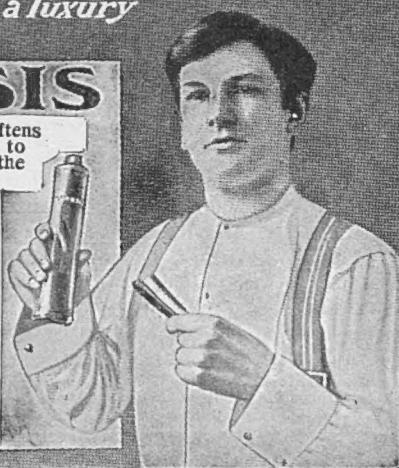
Invaluable to travellers and Motorists.

CAUTION—Ask for Widow Lloyd's EUX-E-SIS at Chemists or Stores, and observe signature of “Aimée Lloyd” (Widow of A. S. Lloyd) Red across labels. Refuse any other.

A Tube of EUX-E-SIS, sent post free, for 1s. 6d. by the

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors,

**AIMEE LLOYD & CO.,
23, PANTON STREET,
LEICESTER SQ., LONDON, S.W.**



A
SPORTING
HOLIDAY
AT
THE NEW



GRENVILLE HOTEL, BUDE, ON THE BEAUTIFUL CORNISH COAST.

OPEN
JULY 8.

Golf, Coaching, Cricket, Croquet, Trout-fishing, Tennis, Bathing, etc.—combined with the up-to-date comfort of this modern, well-equipped Hotel. Billiard-room, Lift, Spacious Garage, Repairs, and all Motor Accessories. Private Carriages and Superior Motors on hire. Hotel Omnibus meets all trains. Fast Restaurant Trains daily, Waterloo 11 a.m., and 3.30.

Write Manager: Mr. H. Link, late of the Hotel Cecil, London, for Interesting Booklet, “A Sporting Holiday.”



One Nursery Problem Solved

Your children won't have to be urged to brush their teeth with

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Its delicious candy flavour makes its constant use a treat to every youngster.

Cleanses thoroughly and antiseptically, prevents the growth of decay-germs, and counteracts the effects of injurious mouth-acids.

Just as Colgate's efficiency acts as a bodyguard against disease, so its pleasant flavour proves that a “druggy” taste is not necessary in a dentifrice.

42 inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 2d. in stamps.

COLGATE & Co., British Depot (Dept. R 1), 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Est. 1806.



GLOVES

Cross Gloves retain their smart appearance, and outlast three pairs of ordinary gloves. Every glove is tested and every stitch is guaranteed. Cross Gloves are the best quality, and they are sold at a moderate price.

LADIES'

KID (White) 2 pearl domes. No. 535 **3/11**

KID (Black, Grey and White). Finest quality, 3 buttons. No. 520 **4/6**

CAPE (Tan). Hand-sewn, for hard wear. No. 38 **3/11**

CAPE (Tan). Machine-sewn. Lighter Weight. No. 39 **3/11**

CAPE (White). Outseam. Excellent wearing quality. No. 32 **3/11**

CHAMOIS (Washable). For summer wear. No. 9 **2/11**

GENTLEMEN'S

CHAMOIS (Washable). For summer wear. No. 3 **2/11**

CAPE. Tan No. 18, White No. 34, Black No. 134 **3/11**

May we send our Special Glove List, No. 13?

MARK CROSS LTD

ENGLISH MAKERS OF LEATHER GOODS

89 REGENT STREET
LONDON W

The Subscription List will close on or before Wednesday, 29th June, 1910.

THE KANSAS CITY, MEXICO AND ORIENT RAILWAY COMPANY

(Incorporated under the Laws of Kansas, U.S.A., and legalised in the Republic of Mexico.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL - - \$75,000,000

DIVIDED INTO

\$37,500,000 4 per Cent. Non-Cumulative Preferred Stock, and \$37,500,000 Common Stock (Shares \$100 each, non-assessable).

OFFER OF

\$5,000,000 First Mortgage 4 per Cent. 50-Year Gold Bonds.

DUE 1st FEBRUARY, 1951.

Interest payable by coupon half-yearly on 1st February and 1st August.

PARR'S BANK, LIMITED, and Messrs. BOULTON BROTHERS & CO. are authorised by the Purchasers to receive on their behalf applications for \$5,000,000 of the above Bonds at the price of 84 (London terms) = £168 per Bond of \$1000.

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:

£10 0 0	on Application.
8 0 0	on Allotment.
50 0 0	on 2nd August, 1910.
50 0 0	on 2nd November, 1910.
50 0 0	on 2nd February, 1911.

£168 0 0

Purchasers may pay up in full on allotment, in which event they will receive Provisional Scrip Certificates to bearer carrying a coupon for the full six months' interest due Aug. 1, 1910. Purchasers paying by instalments will receive Provisional Scrip Certificates to bearer (without the Coupon), and a cheque for interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, computed on the several instalments from the date of payment thereof, will be given when the final instalment is paid.

The Provisional Scrip Certificates will be issued by Boulton Bros. and Co., 39, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., and due notice will be given by advertisement when such Certificates will be exchangeable for the Definitive Bonds at their Offices.

The Allottees of each 1000 dollars Bond will be entitled to receive with the Definitive Bond, Option Certificates representing a Call on or Option to purchase until June 1, 1913, three fully-paid Preferred Shares of 100 dollars each at the price of 40 dollars (London terms) per Share and three fully-paid Common Shares of 100 dollars each at the price of 25 dollars (London terms) per Share.

The Shares are held in a Voting Trust until Jan. 1, 1917, and meanwhile all Shares called will be represented by Voting Trust Certificates, which will be exchanged for the Shares on the termination of the Voting Trust.

The Option Certificates will be delivered separately from the Bonds by the United States and Mexican Trust Company; those relating to the Preferred Shares will contain a condition that, in the event of the making-up price of such Shares or Certificates on the London Stock Exchange for two consecutive Accounts being 50 dollars or over, the option must be exercised within fourteen days thereafter or it will lapse. The Option Certificates relating to the Common Shares will contain a like condition in the event of the making-up price of such Shares or Certificates being 35 dollars or over.

Particulars of the Bonds, and the security therefor, are contained in the following letter from Mr. A. E. Stilwell, President, and Mr. E. Dickinson, Vice-President and General Manager of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway—

Singer Building, New York, U.S.A. June, 1910.

MESSRS. BOULTON BROTHERS AND CO., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Referring to the proposed sale of 5,000,000 dollars Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway 4 per cent. 50-year First Mortgage Gold Bonds, due Feb. 1, 1951, we beg to state that same are identical in all respects with the Bonds already listed on the London Stock Exchange, and form part of an authorised issue under the Mortgage Trust deed dated Feb. 1, 1901, limited as to single main track to 22,500 dollars per completed mile, with 2,500,000 dollars further for heavy work in the Sierra Madre Mountains, provision being also made for the issue of Bonds in respect of yard tracks, terminal tracks, terminals, and equipments, and in respect of any double tracking of the road when required.

The Bonds are secured as a first Mortgage on all the property, assets, and franchises of the Railway Company, which include the Railroad within the States of Kansas and Oklahoma, the Bonds and Stock of the Texas Corporation in whom the ownership of the Railroad within that State is legally vested, and the Bonds issued under a separate Mortgage charging the portions of the Railroad which are within the Republic of Mexico, and all the property, assets, and franchises of the Railway Company in that Republic.

The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway will, when in full operation, extend from Kansas City, Missouri, to the Harbour of Topolobampo, Mexico, a distance of 1659 miles, and also from Kansas City, via San Angelo, to Del Rio, on the Rio Grande River, a further distance of 160 miles, making 1819 miles in all; of this total, 139 miles are the subject of lease or traffic agreements.

The Construction Companies building the line have already expended on the Railway out of their own resources 15,000,000 dollars gold, and in addition a further 7,000,000 dollars derived from the sale of Bonds of the Railway Company, making a total of 22,000,000 dollars, which includes the cost of the surveys, administrative and other charges.

The Construction Companies, with a proprietary of about 3000 shareholders, have contracted to provide interest on the Bonds now offered for sale, and the other Bonds of the Company now held by the public up to and including the Coupon falling due Aug. 1, 1912.

737 miles of road have been finished, which, with the above-mentioned 139 miles, make 876 of system now in operation.

With funds provided by the present sale of Bonds, sale of Town sites, the subsidies earned from the Mexican Government, and other resources of the Construction Companies, it is calculated that the Line can be completed to Del Rio and Chihuahua well within two years from date.

As soon as the Lines are finished to Del Rio on the one hand and Chihuahua on the other, an important through system will be completed East and West in Mexico, and much valuable through business will accrue.

The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway will be the shortest line to the Pacific Coast from Kansas City by upwards of 400 miles, and it will also provide a route from Kansas City to Mexico City via Del Rio which will be shorter than the present El Paso route by 322 miles.

It will cross at approximately right angles the following Railroads, all of which will become valuable feeders for business—

Colorado Southern Railroad.
Texas Pacific Railroad.
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad.
Southern Pacific Railroad.

Mexican Central Railroad.
Mexican Extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad.
Missouri Pacific Railroad.
Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railroad.
Texas Central Railroad.
St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad.
Wichita Falls and North Western Railroad.

At Chihuahua it will tap the Mexican Central Railway traffic to and from the United States. At Del Rio it will connect with the Mexican International and National Lines at that point. The Mexican Government are building 87 miles of line to make this connection.

At Wichita it exchanges business with the Missouri Pacific, Santa Fé, St. Louis and San Francisco and Rock Island Railways.

One year after Del Rio and Chihuahua are reached, the Line should be finished throughout to Topolobampo, the splendid harbour conceded to the Railway by the Mexican Government. The Sierra Madre mountains have already been pierced by the Railway, and trains are running over the divide at a height of 8152 feet above sea level, with no heavier grade than 2½ per cent. There is, practically speaking, no snow, and consequently no need for building snow-sheds at heavy cost.

As a completed system to Del Rio and Chihuahua, we estimate that the net earnings of the Road should be over 2000 dollars per mile, or more than twice the amount requisite to pay interest on all bonds, which it is calculated will be then issued under the Mortgage on the Main Line.

A highly advantageous working agreement has been entered into between Chicago and Alton Railroad Company and the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway Company for the mutual handling of through traffic between Chicago and the Pacific coast, and the Republic of Mexico.

We wish to emphasise the following points, to which prominence is given in the joint report on the railway by the undersigned—

E. DICKINSON, ex-General Manager of the Union Pacific Railway, and J. T. ODELL, ex-General Manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway; and in the report by—

JOHN F. WALLACE, ex-General Manager of the Illinois Central Railway, and ex-Chief Engineer for the American Government to the Panama Canal.

1. From end to end of Railway there are practically no unproductive lands to pass through.

2. From Kansas City to Del Rio and to El Oro, practically the whole country traversed is rich agricultural or pasture land, with a thriving population of between 250,000 and 300,000 already located and prospering, and land being broken up for farming purposes miles ahead of the completed Railway.

3. In Mexico the Railway traverses—

Good cattle land and thousands of acres suitable for irrigation;
Two hundred miles of timber lands in the Sierra Madre mountains;
The richest mineral zone in Mexico;
And also rich tracts of irrigable and cultivated lands, producing abundant crops of sugar, alfalfa, etc.

4. Admiral Dewey's report to the U.S. Government stated that the Harbour of Topolobampo is the best on the west coast south of San Francisco.

5. Preliminary arrangements have been entered into with the Hamburg - American Steamship Company for service between Topolobampo and Asiatic and South American countries.

Finally, as a finished system, the net earnings are calculated at from 4,500,000 dollars to 5,000,000 dollars per annum, or sufficient to cover all Bond interest, to pay full interest on the Preference and 4 to 6 per cent. on the Common Stock.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. STILWELL, President.

E. DICKINSON, Vice-President and General Manager.

Copies of the Trust Deed and Mortgages and a specimen of the Bond may be inspected at the London Office of the KANSAS CITY, MEXICO AND ORIENT RAILWAY, 41, Threadneedle Street, E.C., and the London Office of the UNITED STATES AND MEXICAN TRUST COMPANY (Fiscal Agents to the Railway), Pinners Hall, 8 and 9, Austin Friars, E.C. (at which Offices Prospectuses may be obtained, and also copies of the reports referred to in the above letter), and at the Offices of CHURCH, RENDELL, AND CO., Solicitors, 9, Bedford Row, W.C.

A brokerage of 10s. per 1000 dollars Bond will be paid on all applications bearing brokers' stamps.

Default in payment of any instalment will render the allotment liable to cancellation and any amounts previously paid to forfeiture.

Application will be made to have the Bonds now offered added to those already quoted on the London Stock Exchange.

Applications should be made on the form below, or that enclosed with the Prospectus, and will be received by—

PARR'S BANK, LTD., 4, Bartholomew Lane, E.C., and branches;

BOULTON BROTHERS AND CO., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Prospectuses may also be obtained of FOSTER and BRAITHWAITE, 27, Austin Friars, E.C.; SHERE, LAWFORD, and CO., 11, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.; and WISE, SPEKE, and CO., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dated June 25, 1910.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

KANSAS CITY, MEXICO AND ORIENT RAILWAY COMPANY.

(Incorporated under the Laws of Kansas, U.S.A.)

Offer of \$5,000,000 First Mortgage 4 per cent. Gold Bonds.

In Bonds to Bearer of \$1000 each at 84 (London terms) = £168 per Bond.

To PARR'S BANK, LTD., 4, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

To BOULTON BROTHERS and CO., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C.

(As Agents for the Purchasers.)

GENTLEMEN,—I enclose herewith the sum of £ being a deposit of £10 per Bond on application for Bonds of 1000 dollars each of the above-named Company, and I request you (as Agents for the Purchasers) to procure to be allotted to me that amount of Bonds upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 25th June, 1910, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me, and I agree to pay the amount due on allotment and the further instalments as provided by, and at the dates specified in, the said Prospectus.

Name (in full)
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address (in full)
.....
Description
Signature
.....

A separate cheque must accompany each application.

Please state if you desire to pay up in full on allotment { Yes
or
No.

All cheques to be made payable to Bearer and crossed either
“PARR'S BANK LIMITED” or “BOULTON BROS. & CO.”

DO BELGIUM

Europe in Miniature.

Beautifully Illustrated Books FREE
on application to Belgium Information
Offices (La Ligue Belge de Propagande),
3, Regent Street, London, S.W.

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HISTORIC & ART TREASURES.
Birthplace—Rubens, Van Dyck, Teniers.
SEE MASTERPIECES in Cathedral.
Visit Plantin Museum, Hotel de Ville.

The New HOTEL ST. ANTOINE, Antwerp

Entirely renovated in 1910. Furnished by Maple
& Co. Fifty more private bathrooms added.
Beautifully illustrated "GUIDE TO ANTWERP"
Free from DORLAND AGENCY, 3, Regent Street,
London.

BRUSSELS

THE BELGIAN PARIS.
Beautiful BOULEVARDS. Centre of Social Life.
FAMOUS LAW COURTS.

GHENT

Medieval Churches, Buildings,
Paintings, Convents of Beguines.

KNOCKE

mer LE ZOUTE. Charming Sea-side Resort.
FINEST GOLF LINKS in Belgium. Lovely
Downs and Woods. Walks. Excellent com-
munications with Ostend, Bruges, Holland, etc.
For full particulars apply to the COMPAGNIE
IMMOBILIÈRE LE ZOUTE, Dept. 5, No. 23, Rue
de Flandre, GHENT.

LIEGE

The Pearl of the beautiful Meuse,
and leading Industrial centre of
Belgium.

NAMUR

Queen of the mountainous
Ardenne, and Valley of Meuse.

OSTEND

Most Fashionable and Popular
Seaside Resort in the World.

THE HOTELS ON THE SEA.

CONTINENTAL. 400 Beds. Pension 17/- to 21/-
day. Rooms from 5/-

SPLENDID.

400 Beds. Pension 12/6 to 17/- day
Rooms from 5/-

THE PLAGE.

250 Beds. Hotel and Restaurant
de Luxe.

These Hotels are Modern in every respect.

SPA

MOST FAMOUS KUR RESORT IN
EUROPE. Fashionable Sporting Centre
THE SUMMER RENDEZVOUS OF BRUSSEL
AND PARIS FASHIONABLES.

THE SEA-SHORE

Blankenberge, Wenduine, Coxide

The Old Flemish Cities

Furnes, Ypres, Mons, Tournai, Malines.

THE ARDENNES

Dinant, Bouillon, Durbuy, Verviers.

The Continent via DOVER and OSTEND

Belgian Royal Mail Route

Three Services Daily. Splendid TURBINE
STEAMERS. Best route for BRUSSELS
EXHIBITION. Cheapest Railway Travelling
in the World. Combined Tour Tickets at nett
official prices, and through tickets to all parts of
the CONTINENT. Cheap Excursion Tickets.
May to October, from LONDON and from
DOVER to BRUSSELS, OSTEND, NAMUR,
LIEGE, etc.

Special Swiss Excursions, July and August.

BELGIAN MAIL PACKET OFFICES, 53, Gracechurch
Street, E.C., and 72, Regent Street, W., also

BELGIAN STATE RAILWAY OFFICE, 47, Cannon
Street, E.C. (Information and Time Books only).



Ladies, I assure you

that Hartmann's Sanitary Towels provide a degree of Comfort and Efficiency unequalled by any similar article. Because of their unique, absorbent, hygienic and antiseptic qualities they are recommended by the leading physicians and nurses. That is why you should insist on having

HARTMANN'S TOWELS

Obtainable at all Ladies' Outfitters, Stores, and Chemists in packets of 1 dozen at 6d., 1/-, 1/4, 2/-. Sample Packets, half-dozen assorted sizes, six stamps, post free.

Manageress, HARTMANN'S DEPOT,
26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

Hartmann's Compressed Towels
("Mulpa" Brand) Size A, 1d.; B, 1d.;
C, 2d.

Hartmann's Protective Apron, for use with
Sanitary Towels. Price 2/- each, or
direct, post free, 2/1/-

BEST'S LIGHT TRUNKS SAVE EXCESS LUGGAGE.

Write for List E
188, SLOANE ST., S.W.,
and at ALDFORD ST., W.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the
world, 2s 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only.
Put up in Glass Jars, price 1s.

Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG
Co. Ltd., 11, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

BUYING . . . GOOD SECOND-HAND JEWELS

IS LIKE

Investing One's Money in Stocks

THAT

INCREASE in VALUE Ten Per Cent.
PER ANNUM.

We have at least

£20,000 WORTH

of such Jewels, a few of which we have described as under—

A Five-Stone Diamond Ring	... £25.	Cost £35 0 0
A Three-Stone Diamond Ring	... £15.	Cost £21 0 0
Emerald & Diamond Three-Stone Ring	£35.	Cost £47 10 0
A Sapphire and Diamond Ring	... £20.	Cost £31 10 0
A Diamond Pendant	... £50.	Cost £65 0 0
A Pearl and Diamond Pendant	... £35.	Cost £47 10 0
A Diamond Bracelet	... £25.	Cost £37 10 0
A Diamond Necklet, forming Tiara	... £105.	Cost £135 0 0
A Single Pearl Row Necklet	... £50.	Cost £67 10 0
A ditto	ditto	... £150. Cost £210 0 0

A List of the Collection sent Post Free on application.

Also Catalogue containing 6000 Illustrations of our New Goods.

**THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS,
JEWELLERS AND SILVERSMITHS, LTD.,
6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.**

SECOND-HAND JEWELS BOUGHT FOR CASH.

THE PERFECT SYSTEM OF HOUSE FURNISHING AND GENERAL SUPPLY.



Enables all to obtain really high-class furniture, or any article whatsoever (except provisions) on convenient terms. Our system combines selection at cash prices from the best West End and wholesale houses with the three years' system of payment by instalments, or for cash at exceptionally liberal discounts.
Write or call for particulars.
ARMY & NAVY HOUSE FURNISHING CO., LTD.,
18, REGENT ST., WATERLOO PLACE, S.W. Capital
£50,000

DIRECTORS.—Colonel C. E. MACDONALD, —Chairman,
Captain A. J. BURNETT, Colonel H. GODFREY MORGAN, C.B., D.S.O., Managing-Director.

PRICE'S

GOLD MEDAL
PALMITINE

FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS

GRAND PRIZE
PARASTRINE

FOR USE UNDER SHADES

Orders for 10/- and upwards sent Post Free by return.
Please note that our 2/- Coffee is served in our Tea Room.

1/6 COFFEE
per lb. **2/-**
per lb.
as in Paris.

M. E. MARSDON, 32, Westbourne Grove.

Branches: 95, High Street, Marylebone, and Bordesbury.

We Guarantee

Our Coffees to be imported from France,
blended in London by our French expert, and
roasted several times a day on our premises.

Birch
Hair
Water

*A Generation's
Brilliant Record*

Dr.
Dralle's

for Promoting and Stimulating the
Growth and for the Preservation
of the Hair. It Prevents Scurf and
Strengthens the Roots of the Hair.

SOLD BY ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS HAIRDRESSERS
& STORES AT 2/- 5/- 8/- & 15/- PER BOTTLE
Postage 3/- 4/- 5/- 6/-
Wholesale Agents: RAAB & SONS, 25 Milton St., London, E.C.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Cradle of
a Poet."
By ELIZABETH GODFREY.
(*The Bodley Head.*)

Miss Godfrey's book, coming from where it does, ought really to be about the Bodley Head: but it isn't. From a quarry of the Southern coast, a grey world, though rhythmic, because the chisel is ever on the stone, her poet comes, to find Oxford and Italy and Greece and magnetic London empty of his native air, harbouring an estranged muse. Seeming to have every chance, he yet fails to strike the great note of personal expression, till, returned underground to a life of deadening toil, his epics and lyrics at last grow strong and fair. This happy result takes many years of unconscious preparation and anxious doubt; nor are they void of the inevitable lesson of love. For a poet, he is singularly faithful; but then, few poets have chosen to sing exclusively and by choice in a stone quarry to an accompaniment of "deadening toil." One cannot, for instance, see Swinburne making his wonderful music in such conditions. Save for one brief moment, Miss Godfrey very wisely refrains from examples; she makes, instead, a loving study of the childhood, growth, and ripening of an imaginative man. She is so tenderly intent on him and his background, which she makes desirable with beauty and dignified with labour, that she never takes thought to herself, to look fine or to be effective; therefore the book bears a pervading charm. But—and to all qualities their defects, for these very reasons her story is a little long, sometimes tedious—in places obvious, and one feels the youthfulness of a mind which is too earnest for humour. Just because Miss Godfrey writes and feels with so much distinction as to bring her work out of the weary novel-rut, it becomes a stimulating and sacred obligation to rise with it to clearer air, where the laws are those of literature. When a thing is so very good it is irresistible to refrain from asking in this sense, as well as in the Oliver Twist one, for "more."

"The Portrait."
By FORD MADOX
HUEFFER.
(*Methuen.*)

The portrait is a "cloth" that depicts with the gracious affectations of the eighteenth century a woman of much beauty. Its painter, very round and very snuffy, with a muddle of paintings ever depending from his pocket, is put up for the Dilettanti Club. That society of aristocrats, of beaux and wits, in honouring the painter, would toast the model. But "Celia in her Arbour" remains the secret of her painter, and a wild wager ensues among the members to find, to fetch, to house, and to marry her. This last note of the crescendo is reached by a visitor, almost a provincial—a country squire just appeared upon

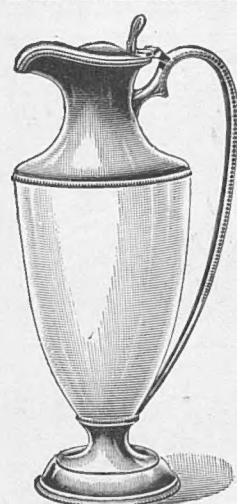
the town. As he had never seen the portrait, it was the more sporting, though a delightful sketch of his uncle, from whom he inherited much besides his broad lands, points to an impulsive strain in the blood. The rest of the story is concerned with the adventure, which resembles the search of a simple person for the spectacles on his nose. The situation is ever one pregnant with mirthful comedy for the onlooker, and in the end it is Celia who comes out of her arbour to find, to fetch, to house, and to marry herself, in fulfilment of her rash gallant's bet. Twenty thousand pounds was involved, a large sum for those days, and his standing with his world. He has the grace to feel faintly ashamed of the easy triumph that looked so brilliant to the town, but his lady gently thrusts his laurels upon him, saying with a fine irony that most great victories are like this; and for laurels, it needs not inquire too closely as to the hand that cuts them. All this is set forth with a real flavour of the century. Men and women wear their clothes, their gorgeous clothes, convincingly; without bewildering detail or any staginess. And constantly, to add enjoyment, there are pictures like a Hogarth in tone and colour, such as this: "The room was very tall and white, the windows very tall, with large, square panes. The lackey, in his blue livery, wore a large bouquet of pinks in his buttonhole, and carried in the dishes." Or, again, that park landscape, with its ornamental water, beside which Mr. Bettsworth walked, accompanied by his cousin's cringing steward, "broad, straight, and slightly stagnant," where lazy carp sunned themselves on the surface and water-crowfoot spread a brown net of lace. Duelling or in prison—that monstrous spot on a gay world—or in "Celia's" boudoir, we are with real people in a real eighteenth century that charms and glitters.

"A Corn of
Wheat."
By E. H. YOUNG.
(*Heinemann.*)

There is no doubt that Judith Burton was odd. Chiefly she demanded air, and more air, walls being abhorrent to her, and a ceiling an oppression. It was inevitable that her sister-in-law should disapprove of her sleeping in a tent on the lawn. It became obvious that Mrs. Burton's objections were justified. But Judith, triumphant in prospective motherhood, sent away her lover, determined to have her child all her own. At the eleventh hour, however, to satisfy convention, she marries a terrible draper. Very naturally, the baby dies after her mother's long months of hysteria. Unlike a corn of wheat, that at least reproduces in faithful detail the habit and custom of its kind, Judith suggests rather a strong, patient cow which, at a critical moment, is transported by some black magic to a world of marriage laws, and public opinion, and cosy cottages, and suffering: an unthinkable and impenetrable maze—for the cow.

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